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T·L·S

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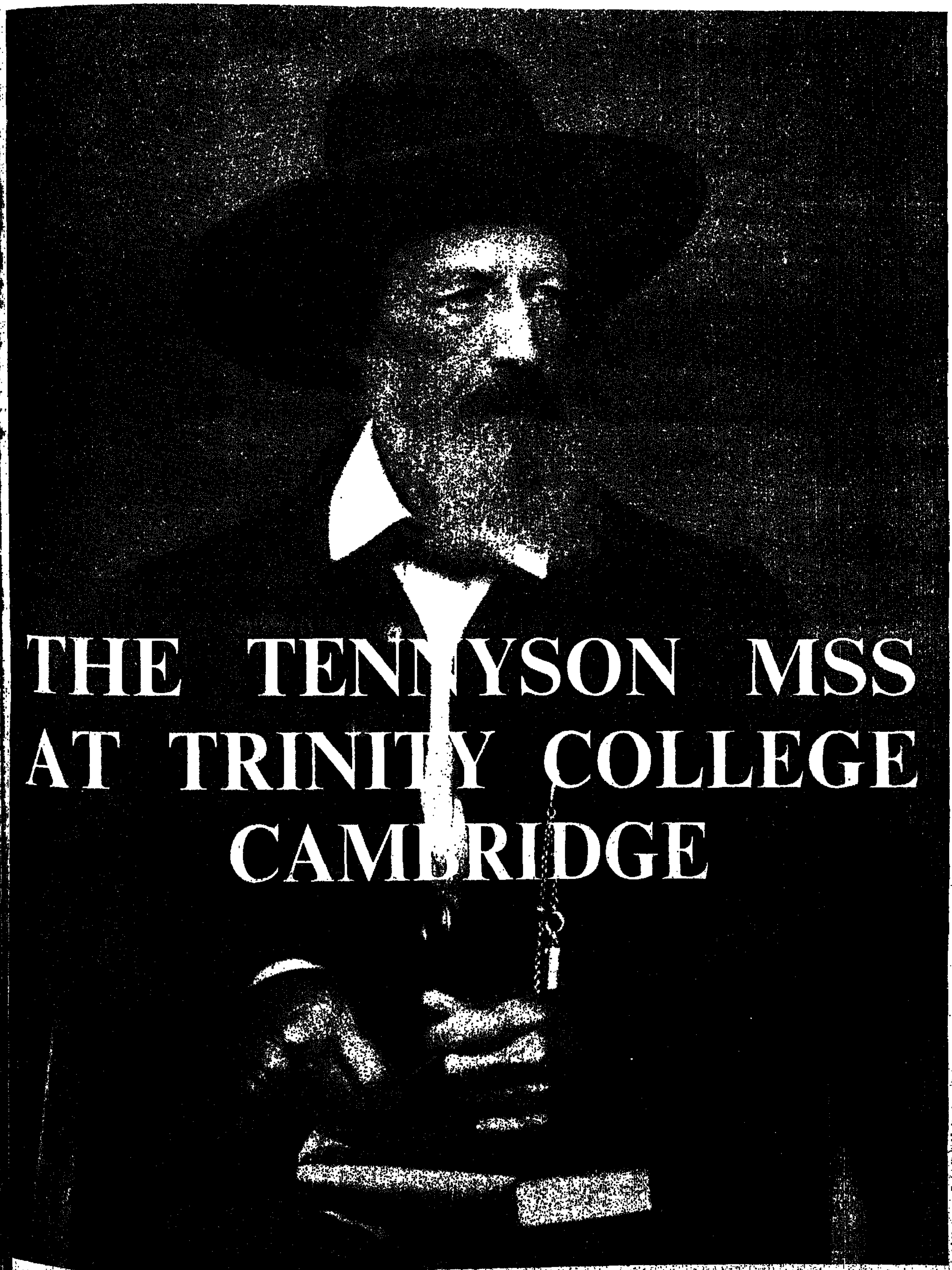
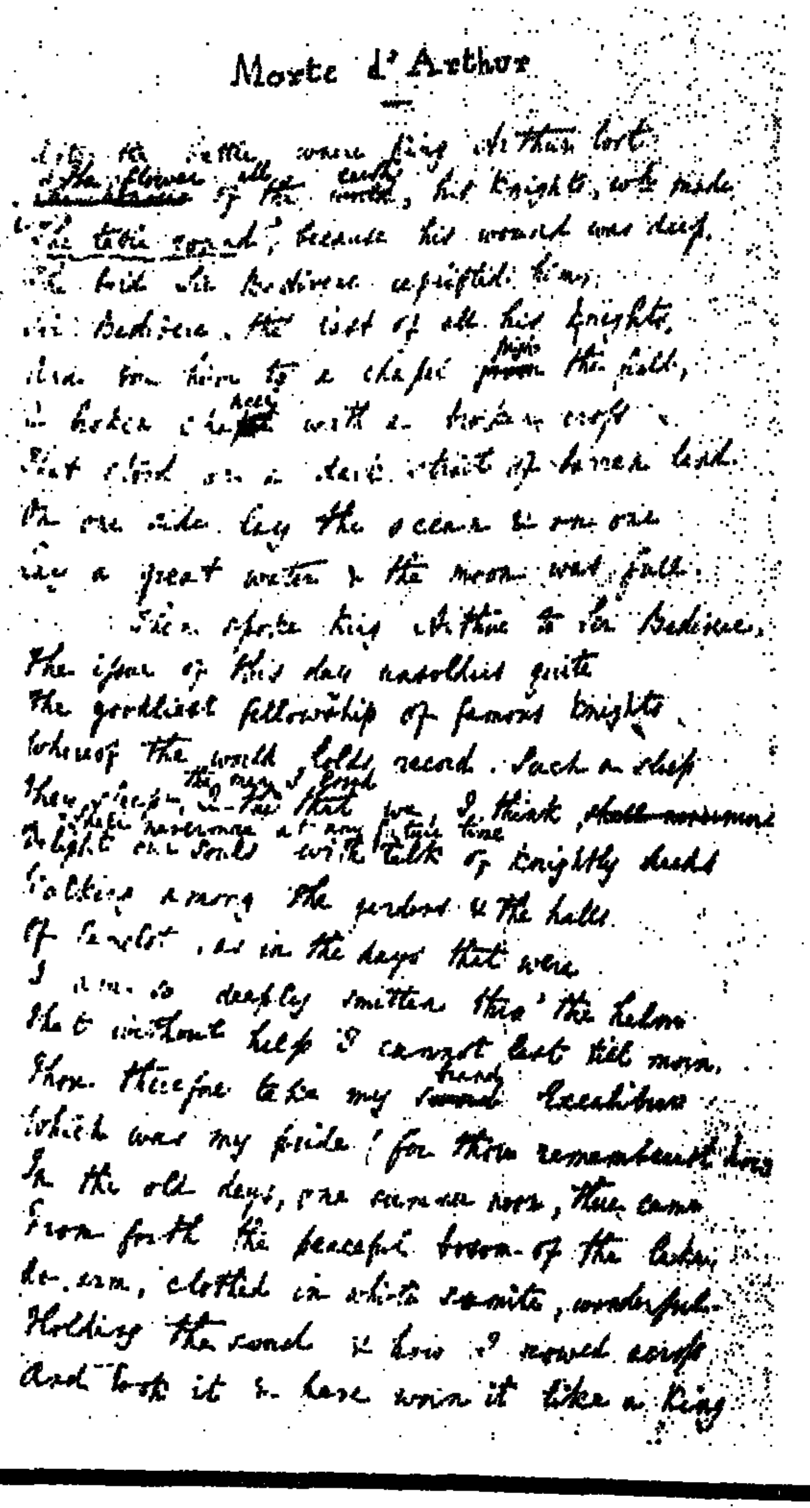


THE TENNYSON MSS AT TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

The Tennyson Manuscripts

by Christopher Ricks



IT MUST BE SAID at once of the Tennyson Manuscripts at Trinity College, Cambridge, that their major importance lies rather in their revelutions about the composition of Tennyson's best poems than in their furnishing new unpublished poems. This is not surprising, since on the one hand they contain drafts—with extensive variant readings—of such poems as *The Lady of Shalott, The Two Voices, St. Simeon Stylites, Tithonus, Morte d'Arthur, In Memoriam, Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and *Maud*; and since on the other hand Hallam Lord Tennyson himself printed a great many poems from the Trinity Manuscripts, in his *Materials for a Life of A.T.* (privately printed, no date), his *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir* (1897), the Eversley edition of Tennyson's *Works* (nine volumes, 1907-8), and the one-volume *Works* (1913).

Tennyson's bitter sonnet *Poets and their Bibliographies* (published 1885) bore at one stage the title *On publishing every discarded scrap of a Poet*. Most of the scraps in the Trinity Manuscripts were rightly discarded, yet most of them have their interest. There was, after all, something to be said for beginning *To the Rev. F. D. Maurice* (published 1855), not with kindly courtesy ("Come, when no graver cares employ") but with immediate indignation at how Maurice had been treated for challenging the doctrine of eternal punishment:

> With loathsome, loveless prate of Hell
> Each bigot makes his infidel,
> Claps Calvin in God's chair and bids us
> Honour the Devil and all is well.
>
> But you are of that honest few
> Who give both God and men their due . . .
>
> *(Trinity Notebook 36)*

It seems best on this occasion to give a selection both of unpublished verses and of unadopted passages. A selection only, for two different reasons: whereas there are a great many more unadopted passages of genuine interest than can figure here, the unpublished verses and fragments in the manuscripts include some which should be granted at least the mercy of the most humble appendix. The unpublished verses about "Juliina, Julietta" in Notebook 17 (1833) are merely a jotting; the verses in Notebook 22 (1833) which begin—

> I sent no ambassador forward,
> But myself for fear of miscarriage
> Sailed over the billowy water—
> A southwind pufft me nor'ward
> So I came with proposals of marriag[e]
> To Fatima, Selim's daughter.

—have little interest other than that of th[e] "Fatima" and that of the strange con[…] of exoticism in the manner of *Recollectio[ns …] Arabian Nights* with jocularity in the [...] of *The Day-Dream*. Such verses vindicate [...] FitzGerald's gruff remark about *The S[...] Rope* (about which Tennyson came to sh[…] Gerald's opinion): "Alfred, whatever h[e …] think, cannot trifle—many are the dis[…] have had about his powers of badinag[e …] pliment, waltzing, etc. His smile is rathe[r …] one."

The Trinity manuscripts in question [...] which have been under interdiction an[d …] not be copied or quoted) consist of *In [Memo]riam* and of various manuscript notebo[oks …] Tennyson's first volume, *Poems by Two B[rothers]* (1827), to his last, *The Death of Œno[ne …]* humously published in 1892). The shelf-m[arks of] these notebooks are 0. 15. 14 to 0. 15. 40. [...] continued the practice of my edition of Te[nnyson] ("Longmans' Annotated English Poets", [...] referring to these as Trinity Notebooks [...] in my edition, mis-spellings have been c[...] (*knowledge* for *knowlege*) and contracti[ons ex]panded, and modern practice has been f[ollowed] in the spelling of such words as *tho[ugh]*, *through* (instead of *tho'* and *thro'*); in [...] the *e* for such words as *even*; and in using [...] Punctuation has been amended and adde[d …] celled readings are not all recorded; capi[...] has been reduced in the deleted passag[e at the] end of the poem on Napoleon. I hav[e …] some of the occasions when Tennyson dis[…] adopted or adapted lines from the man[uscripts …] in the belief that such self-borrowing is [...] antly characteristic of Tennyson.

I am most grateful to Lord Tennyson [and] the Trustees for permission to quote the [manu]scripts; also to Sir Charles Tennyson and to [...] College for their approval. The letter fro[m …] Kemble about *Sir Launcelot and Queen [Guine]vere* was printed in my edition of Tennyson [by] permission of the late Mrs. Catherine E[...] Johnson.

Unpublished verses

"The musky air was mute"

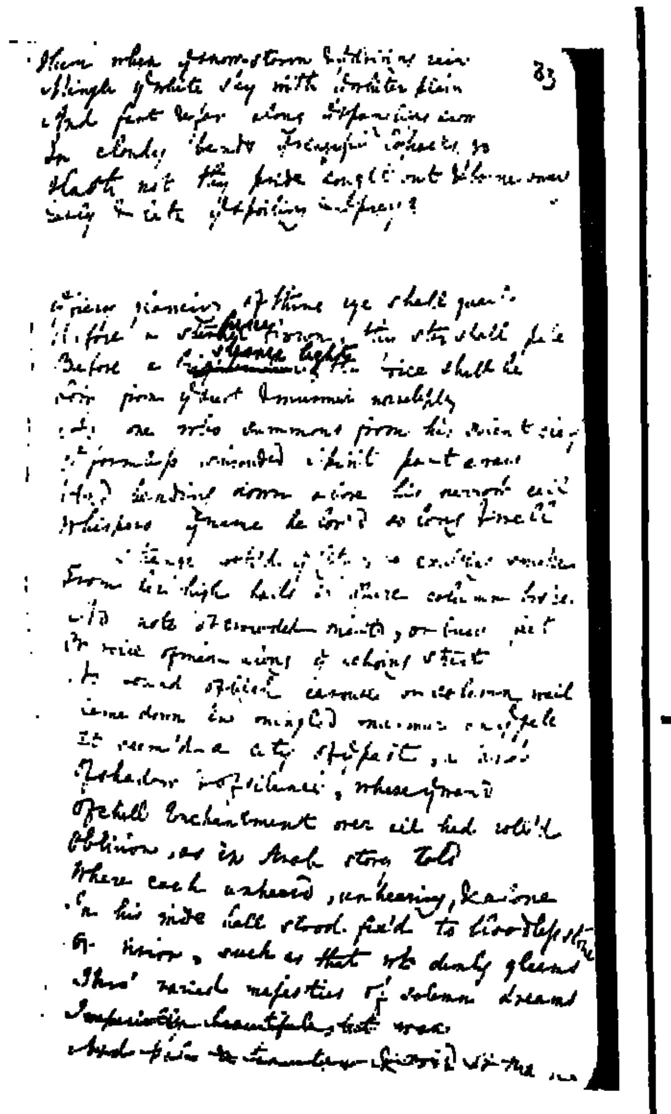
This appears in Notebook 19 (1824-7), and is possibly one of the poems "omitted from the *Poems by Two Brothers*, being thought too much out of the common for the public taste" (*Memoir* i 23). There is no love-poem in *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827) which speaks in the first person in quite this direct manner. The second line became line 112 of *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* (published 1830): "From the long alley's latticed shade." I have left the first stanza unpunctuated, because of the slight possibility that the second line goes with the following lines rather than with the preceding one.

> The musky air was mute
> Through the green alley's latticed length of shade
> Her small and naked foot
> Shook the pale dewdrop from the drooping blade.
>
> She came: her sad eyes glistened,
> Her hot tears fell on my embracing arm;
> She spoke no word but listened
> And in her eye stood fixed unquiet calm.
>
> Were those eyes clouded?
> Did mine retain their lustre? Soul of God,
> What thrilling thoughts were crowded
> Into that awful minute! on the sod
>
> I knelt, I clasped her knees;
> Her hand lay cold and icelike in my own;
> And high in the old trees
> The glaring bird of midnight made his moan.

Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow

"Among historical events the doings of Wellington and Napoleon were the themes of story and verse" (*Memoir* i 5, of Tennyson's childhood). Notebook 19 (1824-7) includes fragments of a poem in heroic couplets; a note by Hallam Tennyson reads "Napoleon's retreat from Moscow (written about 16)". A copy of the poem was in Richard Monckton Milnes's volume of *Memorials* (T. Wemyss Reid, *R. M. Milnes* (1890) i 82-3), which apparently is now lost. Tennyson said that "About ten or eleven Pope's *Homer's Iliad* became a favourite of mine and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre, nay even could improvise them" (*Memoir* i 11). But few have survived: there is the *Translation of Claudian's "Rape of Proserpine"*, *The Ganges*, and the poem on Napoleon. The description of Moscow has obvious affinities with the glittering city that figures in *Timbuctoo* (published 1829) and with the city of *In deep and solemn dreams* (written c.1829)—the present poem speaks of "solemn dreams". The description of the battlefield suggests *The Vale of Bones* (published 1827). Tennyson was to write again of Napoleon in the sonnet *Buonaparte* (published 1832) and in the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (published 1852).

The "azure column" of smoke anticipates the "azure pillars of the hearth" in "Come down, O maid" (*The Princess* vii 201); and "tremulous eyes" figure more distinctively in *Tithonus* 26 ("Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears"). But then "tremulous eyes" appear in Keats, Shelley and Keble, as well as in Tennyson's *The Miller's Daughter* (1832 text). The passage "Where was the Glory . . . maddened fight" exists in the manuscript in an earlier draft with half a dozen variants; this draft was added in a blank space left after the line "Her clustered Cupolas of sheeny gold". The last ten lines below, given in square brackets, are deleted in the manuscript; the two concluding lines had been deleted before this deletion.

> Then when the snow-storm and the driving rain
> Mingle the white sky with the whiter plain
> And fast and far along the spangling snow
> In cloudy bands the vengeful Cossacks go,
> Hath not thy pride sought out and borne away
> Early and late the spoiling and the prey?
>
> The fiery glancing of thine eye shall quail
> Before a fierce frown, thy star shall pale
> Before a sterner light, thy voice shall lie
> Low from the dust and murmur noiselessly
> As one who summons from his silent clay
> The formless shrouded Spirit past away
>
> 
>
> And bending down above his narrow cell
> Whispers the name he loved so long and well.
> Strange looked the City: no exulting smoke
> From her high halls in azure column broke,
> No note of crowded mart, or busy feet
> Or voice of man along the echoing street.
> No sound of high carouse or solemn wail
> Came down in mingled murmur on the gale;
> It seemed a city of the past, a land
> Of shadow and of silence, where the wand
> Of chill Enchantment over all had rolled
> Oblivion, as in Arab story told
> Where each unheard, unhearing, and alone
> In his wide hall stood fixed to bloodless stone,
> Or vision, such as that which dimly gleams
> Through varied majesties of solemn dreams
> Where terrace upon terrace and the height
> Of Dome on Dome repose in placid light
> Imperially beautiful, but wan
> And pale and tenantless and void of Man.
> Her princely Pagods of barbaric mould,
> Her clustered Cupolas of sheeny gold
>
> [*lacuna*]
>
> 'Hail to the Holy City' rung the cry
> As Moscow burst upon the raptured eye
> [With all her domes of Copper richly dun,
> Her thirty steeples glittering in the Sun *deleted*],
> Her proud Pavilions and her mingled trees
> And Pomp of Oriental palaces,
> The pillared front of many an airy Hall,
> Crescent and gorgeous cross and golden Ball
> Glistening and flashing with the restless play
> Of rainbow hues beneath the waning day:
> 'Hail to the mighty town! the diadem
> Of lordly Cities! the Jerusalem
> Of Russia! Hail to Moscow!'
> Far along
> Rang the glad shouting through the haggard throng;
> A deep, dark flush of momentary bloom
> Lit up the warworn cheek's cadaverous gloom,
> The hot tear trembled in each hollow eye,
> There was a thought of former Victory,
> A hope of future. All the trophied Past,
> The days of glowing Conquest thick and fast
> And brilliantly on the expanded brain
> Came flashing through the Night of thought again,
> Friends shook each other by the hand and wept
> And some in ecstacy of transport leapt;
> Some dashed them down upon their knees; some raised
> Their tremulous eyes to where the Eagles blazed;
> Some full of hope and glory fondly deemed
> They were the Demi-Gods of Earth and dreamed
> Of garlanded processions and the march
> Of victor hosts beneath triumphal arch.
> Where was the Glory ever equalled theirs,
> Glory well purchased with uncounted cares,
> Their freely-gushing blood the ample price,
> Their martyred brethren the proud sacrifice?
> All were forgotten now—the driving rains,
> The lonely bivouack on the wintry plains,
> The chill wild wind which murmured deep and harsh
> O'er the lorn waste of many a putrid marsh,
> Their nearest and their dearest whose wan forms
> Lay mouldering whitely in the frequent storms,
> The agony, the battle and the flood.
> The houseless mountain fringed with horrent wood,
> The humid couch upon the tentless mould,
> Their watchings and their weariness, their cold,
> Their hungers and their faintings and their tears,
> Were but the glorious tale of coming years,
> A tale of mighty deeds which would eclipse
> All others, babbled forth by infant lips,
> A tale which Age would dwell on, ever new,
> A Pæan of high Conquest thrilling through
> Ages on Ages of undying Fame.
> They were a name for ever, a great name,
> A watchword to Posterity, a light
> To future armies in the maddened fight.
> [There stood a Monarch on the Sainted Hill,
> A Monarch and a Despot whose high will
> Well-nigh omnipotent on Earth had weighed
> Strength against strength and mightily essayed
> To shadow with the compass of his power
> From East to West the grandeur and the flower
> And excellence and pride of Earth—the man
> Of grasping intellect and giant plan,
> The man of many thoughts before whose face
> The populous Earth was shaken to its base]

St. Lawrence

Tennyson published none of his versions of *St. Lawrence*. The four drafts now in the Harvard Manuscripts were printed by E. F. Shannon and W. H. Bond, *Harvard Library Bulletin* x (1956) 258-60: these date from c. 1825 to c. 1833. The version in Trinity Notebook 15 (1833) is considerably longer than the others, with which it shares some phrasing. The six lines that were printed in 1956 from Harvard Notebook 12 (c. 1833)—the only draft other than the Trinity version which is in blank verse—correspond very closely to lines 19-25 of the Trinity version. The last three lines, given below in square brackets, are deleted in the manuscript. In line 16 the word "me" has been supplied because one of the other versions reads: "He hath baptized me unto death/ With fire".

St. Lawrence stands as an important "pendant" (to apply a term which Tennyson often used) to *St. Simeon Stylites*, which was written—like the Trinity version of *St. Lawrence*—in 1833. The martyrdom of St. Lawrence is described in William Hone's *Every-Day Book* (1825, under "August 10"), which was acknowledged by Hallam Tennyson as the source of *St. Simeon Stylites*. Tennyson's later poem on martyrdom by fire, *Sir John Oldcastle*, was published in 1880; like *St. Lawrence* it invokes Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God" (*Daniel* iii 25). Several lines of *St. Lawrence* were adapted to form *Sir John Oldcastle* 175-82. "Out of the sphere of Time" occurs as *Perdidi Diem* 46 (written c. 1829); and "My will is one with thine" occurs in *The Lover's Tale* i 453 (printed but not published in 1832).

> I think no portion of my mind misgives.
> Come—strip my body: lay me on these bars.
> Too slow—too slow! I yearn to look upon
> My God—I know that my Redeemer lives,
> And this day I shall see his face in heaven.
> I cannot argue, I can burn.
> O Lord!
> That in old days didst walk with those three saints
> Fourth in the Babylonian furnace—when
> They said 'I see four walking and the fourth
> Is like the son of God': I thank thee, Lord,
> That thou hast found me worthy to be made
> A sacrifice in sight of Heaven and Earth.
> Hereafter, when thou comest with a shout,
> I shall stand by thee clothed in shining white.
> This is thy love ineffable, O Lord,
> Thou hast baptized [me] unto death with fire,
> Even so my God My will is one with thine—
> Not mine—but thine: do with me as thou wilt.
>
> Slow fire! inch by inch to die—to creep
> Step by step down to death—able to count
> Measured successive pangs—and not to faint,
> Oh not to shriek, but to bear all, as is
> Most meet, for him that hath borne all for me—
> Knowing the eyes of God and man are set
> To watch me in this combat. The old Adam
> Shrinks but to fancy it: but we, God with us,
> Purpose to try.
> This trial is my last.
> The everlasting sequel is all bliss.
> 'Tis known that even heathen men have borne,
> Either for freedom's sake, or those they loved,
> Or some less cause—some cause far less than mine
> (For every other cause is less than mine)
> As much as this. 'Twere shame if I should shrink,
> Mine being highest. What's a day, a week,
> A month of pain, matched with that bliss that grows
> Out of the sphere of Time? any clear mind
> Would answer briefly. It is but the being
> Put home to us and brought into the present
> That makes us tremble. Why—the moth will burn

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Her wings for sport and, being singed, return—
Her love of fight quenching her sense of pain—
If it be so, to shrink from pain's to fall
Below our *natural* standard. Why—how now
My soul, I hope we do not fear the fire,
And yet I argued with myself as though
I feared. O Lawrence, God will give thee strength
[And pluck thee from the knowledge of the fire.
Trust not thyself: lay hold upon thy God:
Tut! Tut! the Devil is damned eternally]

"What did it profit me that once in Heaven"

This fragment appears in Notebook 22 (1833). The blank verse resembles that of *The Lover's Tale* (which had been printed in 1832 but withdrawn from publication). *Stanzas* (written 1833, published 1850) incorporates "vast cliffs with crowns of towers":

What time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining wingèd powers
Showed me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.

The Princess ii 451-2 speaks of "rolling through the court/A long melodious thunder".

What did it profit me that once in Heaven
I walked, a Seraph among Seraphim,
In shadowing incense-woods that showered down
Fountains of flowering fire?—or that I flew
Drenching my plumes in fragrant sprays, which made
Those allhued arcs that span the beautiful
Cataracts through inexplorable ravines
Rolling melodious thunders mingled with
Far Hallelujahs from the hills, where o'er me
The untrembling splendours of almighty God
Smote those vast cliffs with crowns of towers?—or that
In place of cloud on every topmost peak
Shot round a sleepless sphere of flame that changed
To colours such as are not known to thee?

"Wherefore, in these dark ages of the press"

Notebook 26 (c. 1839) contains two drafts of this poem; both are printed below since their differences are of considerable interest. Throughout his life Tennyson expressed dismay at the writer's lot, but nowhere more directly or personally than here. Usually he manifested his feelings through a semi-dramatic form (as in *To —, After Reading a Life and Letters*, published 1849) or through a fable (as in *The Dead Prophet*, published 1885). He profoundly disliked inquisitive biography: "I hate the blare and blaze of so-called fame. What business has the public to want to know all about Byron's wildnesses?" (*Memoir* ii 165). His yearning for privacy sometimes extended to a distaste for publication as such; this had led him to write to James Spedding in 1835: "John Heath writes me word that Mill is going to review me in a new Magazine, to be called the *London Review*, and favourably; but it is the last thing I wish for, and I would that you or some other who may be friends of Mill would hint as much to him. *I do not wish to be dragged forward again in any shape before the reading public at present*, particularly on the score of my old poems, most of which I have so corrected (particularly "Œnone") as to make them much less imperfect" (*Memoir* i 145). By about 1839, the date of *Wherefore, in these dark ages*, he was nearing the end of the "ten years' silence" and was contemplating publication of what were to be the two volumes of *Poems*, 1842. In this poem he asks himself "Why?"

The opening lines were to be adapted as lines 88-89 of *Despair* (published 1881):

For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,
When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon.

That the true poet is "half woman-natured" accords with Tennyson's recurring praise of "manhood fused with female grace" (*In Memoriam* cix 17). *The Princess* vii 268 spoke of men and women becoming more alike: "More as the double-natured Poet each" (1847-8 text; Tennyson changed this in 1850); and the prince enjoined "Let us type them now/In our own lives". At the end of his life Tennyson published an epigram *On One Who Affected an Effeminate Manner* (published 1889):

While man and woman still are incomplete,
I prize that soul where man and woman meet,
Which types all Nature's male and female plan,
But, friend, man-woman is not woman-man.

Lines 11-13 of *Wherefore, in these dark ages* were adapted as *The Vision of Sin* 103-6 (completed after 1839, published 1842):

Name and fame! to fly sublime
Through the courts, the camps, the schools,
Is to be the ball of Time,
Bandied by the hands of fools.

The line in *Wherefore, in these dark ages* about the caddisworm derives from a poem written c. 1832, *From the East of life*: "My earthy spirit grieves alone/Housed like the caddisworm in stone" (this line is also in a manuscript stanza introducing *Youth*, written 1833). The "chalky spikes" in the last line of the longer version of *Wherefore, in these dark ages* are presumably thistledown. I have not traced "that old Teuton".

[1]

Wherefore, in these dark ages of the press,
(As that old Teuton christened them) should I,
Should any man desire to print his rhyme?
Fame's millionth heir-apparent? wherefore wish
(If like to one that hath his thought compact
He write a good fair hand) the public thumb
Of our good pamphlet-pampered century
To sweat upon his honest thoughts in text,
The children of the silence? he, today
Lord of himself and of his ways, the next
A popular property, shall hear his name
Shot like a racketball from mouth to mouth
And bandied in the barren lips of fools.
And if he be, as true-cast poets are,
Half woman-hearted, typing all his kind,
So must he triple-man himself, and case
His humour, as the caddisworm, in stone;
Or with a lasting hope, chain-cable-strong,
Immoor his life in patience till he die.
Who else could brook—what flesh and blood?—to be
So bellows-blown with puffs of heated friends,
Nor blush the secret blush of one that thinks
Apart of something he hath done amiss?
Who tolerate, on the naked nerve of self,
And from the flattery of some splendid end
Cut off, the slurs of shallow cleverness,
The baseless stumblingblocks that trip the good,
The wordy misapplauses of the weak,
The careless misconception of the strong
Too grievous to be borne, the petty spites,
The misery and the gossip and the slang
And those mean jealousies in mighty minds—
Bats in the sunshine—oh my friend be wise,
For be there that within me that should live,
Thy dictum, which may prosper for awhile,
Could never crush me: if there be not that,
The God of truth forbid my life should run
Yoked with a hacknoyed thought and curbed with shame
Until I scandalize the street and turn
A byword to the Muses.

[2]

Wherefore, in these dark ages of the Press
(As that old Teuton christened them) should I,
Sane mind and body, wish to print my rhyme,
Fame's millionth heir-apparent? why desire
(If like a man that hath his sense compact
I write a clean fair hand) the public thumb
Of our good pamphlet-pampered age to fret
And sweat upon mine honest thoughts in type,
The children of the silence? I today
Lord of myself and of my ways, the next
A popular property, nauseate, when my name
Shot like a racketball from mouth to mouth
And bandied in the barren lips of fools
May yield my feeling organism pain
Thrice keener than delight from duest praise?
And if I be, as truecast Poets are,
Half woman-natured, typing all mankind;
So must I triple-man myself and case
My humours as the caddisworm in stone,
Or doing violence to my modest worth
With one long-lasting hope chain-cable-strong
Self-fixt, immoor in patience, till I die.
Am I so hopeful—(now I take my glass,
Walk in and out and laugh or sulk at ease)
So strong, that I should lay the nerve of self
Bare to the slurs of shallow cleverness,
The blame of stumblingblocks that trip the good,
The wordy misapplauses of the weak,
The careless misconception of the strong
Too grievous to be borne? for who could brook,
What flesh and blood—but for a doubt—to be
So bellowsblown with puffs of heated friends,
So hustled, and so clapt upon the back,
So plastered with the gossip and the slang—
Or that his warmth should shine upon the world
But to bring out its vermin? who endure
To breed that human sorrow to himself,
That he should reverence mighty minds the less
For those mean jealousies in mighty minds—
Bats in the sunlight. Oh my friend be wise,
My [Thy *MS, presumably in error*] fame, if just, is a peculiar fame,
And cannot bult for masterdom with thine,
And be that pith within me, which should last,
Thy dictum could not quash it: be there not,
The God of truth forbid my life should run
Yoked with a hackneyed thought and curbed with shame
Until the scandal of my leanness turn
To bywords with the market and the muse.
And if I win no praise the want is mine;
And if I win false praise the shame is mine:
The grain of reputation which accrues
Will rot into the sapless blade, that bears
No ear but loathing; when my sense of Art,
From shame of contrast, gathers triple strength
And clear as conscience to the moral man
Points where I fail and works me bitterness.
What this Art-Conscience preaches I to that
Lend credit, not to him or him and least
The general throat. All ages, sample-rife,
Have preacht a truism, that nine-tithes of times
Too rathe a harvest of the public voice
Foregoes the latter Lammas of a name.
Should I be pleased then, though my verse should head
Some chapter in the three-tomed prodigies
Of half a June? or tickled, though my name
On paper drafts of notoriety
Betwixt this sabbath and the next, should float
With rumour, current from the chalky spikes

"A foolish book had made me wroth"

Literary Squabbles (published 1846 as *After-Thought*) expressed regret for Tennyson's bitter retort to Bulwer-Lytton:

Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
Before the stony face of Time,
And looked at by the silent stars . . .

An epigrammatic fragment in Notebook 24 (c. 1853) returns to this disparity. Tennyson was to recollect the fragment in line 808 of *The Holy Grail* (published 1869): "I heard the shingle grinding in the surge".

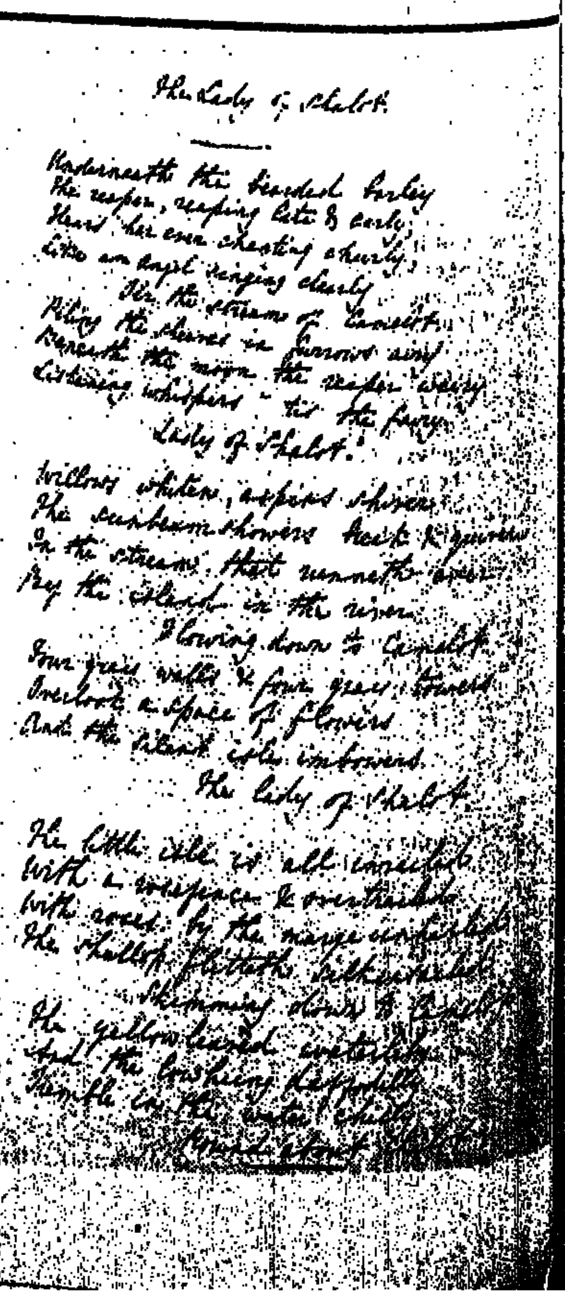
A foolish book had made me wroth,
I heard an endless idle wind,
I seemed to hear the shingle grind
For ever in the boundless froth.

"France that has no private ends"

Notebook 28 (1859) includes this epigram on French militarism. Tennyson published *Riflemen Form!* in *The Times*, May 9, 1859; it was an adaptation of a poem which he had originally written when invasion from France seemed imminent in January, 1852. "France that has no private ends" is similar in tone to one of the 1852 poems against Louis Napoleon, *Rifle Clubs!!!*

France that has no private ends
Should have her own sweet way,
L'empire c'est la paix, my friends,
L'empire c'est la paix.

France has gone with gun and sword
And many thousand men,
France is at it again O Lord,
France is at it again.



Unadopted Passages

Armageddon

The Harvard manuscript of *Armageddon*, from which Sir Charles Tennyson printed the poem in 1931, is damaged. The opening lines of the poem may now be completed from Trinity Notebook 18, which is dated January 10, 1828: the second half of each line has been cut away in this manuscript:

Spirit of Prophecy whose mighty grasp
Enfoldeth all things, whose capacious soul
Can people the illimitable abyss
Of vast and fathomless [bottomless *Harvard MS*] futurity
With all the Giant Figures that shall pace
The dimness of its stage,—whose subtle ken
Can throng the doubly-darkened firmament
Of Time to come with all its burning stars
At awful intervals.

Armageddon, one of Tennyson's earliest poems (subsequently re-fashioned as the Cambridge prize-poem *Timbuctoo*, 1829), is remarkable for its visionary descriptions. The Trinity manuscript includes several unadopted passages which are both vigorous in themselves and are also early instances of Tennyson's lifelong preoccupations. The manuscript expands i 63 ("A mixture of the voice of man and beast"):

A mixture of the tones of man and beast
And bird and reptile blended to one voice;
Then these would cease and all at once would rise
One deep, loud hiss as from the thirsty throats
Of many dragons in the stainless Noon,
Or such a thrilling roar as might awake
If one great stream of molten flame and one
Equal of the opposèd Element
Prone gushing down the adverse battlements
Of two walled cliffs which o'er a narrow vale
Blot out each other's sun should clash mid-way
With horrible confliction and the spume
Of yeasty conflux and the cloudy steam
Of throbbing waves along the hollow pass.
Then high and holy harpings sounded through
The firmament and voices like the voice
Of many torrents singing praise to God.

A comparable passage in the manuscript follows i 107 ("Obscene, inutterable phantasies"): it was as though the moon beheld such phantasies,

From whose pale fronts and white unhallowed eyes
The wandering of her purity shrinks home
And taints her bosom with polluted rays.
'Twas in that solemn hour of dying Sun
And nascent Moonlight that I looked between
The range of Mountain Cones and far away
Saw the great Ocean crusted all along
And sheeted with unalterable white
Now driving with its million maddened waves
In dreadful impulse and concurrent slope
Of waters to one goal and now again
With violent reflux to another point
Relapsing, as 'twere shaken in a bowl.

These two visions manifest awe at geological power; they have a counterpart in a passage which celebrates a mystical imaginative power. In the manuscript, this passage follows the lines which were to be adopted as *Timbuctoo* 113-45, and it expresses the mystical exultation central to both *Armageddon* and *Timbuctoo*:

Past, present, future swept, a mighty host
Of multiplied and multiplying shapes,
In fleet review before me, as the mind
In the omnipotence of Memory,
Unhesitating Judgement and thence force
And certainty of Prescience at one glance
Collated, measured and compared and weighed
All fact and speculation, argument,
Falsehood and truth, minutest History,
The opposites of will and Destiny,
Evil and good and worn Despair and Hope
Shrinking and trembling betwixt tear and smile
And all that makes the wondrous mind of Man.

This passage is followed in the manuscript by the lines which were to be adopted as *Timbuctoo* 158-83; and then the manuscript ends with the sinister pavilion of superstition. Tennyson adapted these concluding lines in two other unpublished poems, as *The Coach of Death* 177-88, and as *Pierced through with knotted thorns* 30-41. They derive from a book that was at Tennyson's home at Somersby, Jacob Bryant's *New System of Ancient Mythology* (1807 edition). The link between Dionysus and the Ark is Bryant iv 249: "The Cuthites worshipped the Patriarch Noah under the name of Nusos, and Dio-nusos." The prophetic bird Iönah was the dove sent forth from the Ark: Tennyson recalls a memorable plate in Bryant (v 286) showing the Ark, the Dove, and the Rainbow. Tennyson adapted one of these lines as line 113 of *The Palace of Art* (1842 text): "Or over hills with peaky tops engrailed." *The Palace of Art* had its "bunchy vine" in 1832.

With ministering hand he raised me up
And pointed to the lurid West. Then first
An unimaginable, unremembered
Visionlike altitude upon my sight
Rose— —
That wonderful Pavilion borne on high
By many a vast and jet-black colonnade
Pellucid round whose wreathèd ebony
Fell curtains of deep sable and between
Each range a broad and gleaming interval
Scooped into niches in whose archèd shade
All emblems of Satanick imposture,
All superstitions, all Idolatry,
Stood, sat, or moved, in lifelike attitudes
Imperially graceful: Dionys,
Prime Veneration, his august presence
Shaded and cinctured with the bunchy vine;
Behind him on a carvèd Ocean
With semblance of the peaky wave engrailed
Laboured an immeasurable keel;
And toward the sloping roof on equal wing
Mystic Iönah wandered and the gleam
Of Heaven's first arch was on her amber plumes.

To—[Thou mayst remember]

Hallam Tennyson printed this "character-poem" in the *Memoir* (i 60). Written at Cambridge between 1828 and 1830, it was probably addressed to Tennyson's friend R. J. Tennant, who certainly suffered grave religious doubts which were assuaged by Tennyson. Hallam Tennyson printed two stanzas from Notebook 23 (1830), and it was apparently he who deleted the vivid third stanza—possibly because it seemed dangerously hyperbolical, possibly because of Tennyson's evocation of Lazarus in *In Memoriam* xxxi-xxxii. The second stanza had ended by speaking of Tennyson's joy at his friend's triumph over doubt: ". . . My joy was only less than thine".

Not Mary felt such full delight
When having heard her brother's name
Joined with 'Come forth' and waiting mute
Forth in the open sunshine came
The languid corpse bound hand and foot
Winking his eyelids at the light.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere

When he published this poem in 1842, Tennyson subtitled it "A Fragment". Tennyson's friend J. M. Kemble wrote to W. B. Donne, June 22, 1833:

A companion to *The Lady of Shalott* is in Progress, called the *Ballad of Sir Lancelot*; a most triumphant matter whereof I will give you a sketch; in the Spring, Queen Guinevere and Sir Lancelot ride through the forest green, fayre and amorous: And such a queen! such a knight! Merlin with spindle shanks, vast brows and beard and a forehead like a mundane egg, over a face wrinkled with ten thousand crow-feet meets them, and tells Sir L. that he's doing well for his fame to be riding about with a light o'love &c. Whereupon the knight, nowise backward in retort, tells him it is a shame such an old scandal to antiquity should be talking, since his own propensities are no secret, and since he very well knows what will become of him in the valley of Avilion some day. Merlin, who tropically is Worldly Prudence, is of course miserably floored. So are the representatives of Worldly Force, who in the shape of three knights, sheathed, Sir, in trap from toe to toe, run at Sir L. and are most unceremoniously shot from their saddles like stones from a sling. But the Garde Joyeuse is now in sight; the knight I confess is singing but a loose song, when his own son Sir Galahad (the type of Chastity) passes by; he knows his father but does not speak to him, *blushes and rides on his way!* Voilà tout. Much of this is written and stupendous; I regret bitterly that I had not opportunity to take down what there is of it; as it is I can only offer you Sir L.'s song, though for the sake of my future clerical views and Ælfred's and Sir L.'s character, I must request that it be kept as quiet as possible.

Kemble then quoted "Life of the Life within my blood". Trinity Notebook 15 (1833) does not cover all of this. Its three stanzas about Merlin are followed, after a blank space, by a fragmentary stanza about Joyeuse Garde and on the next page by a descriptive stanza invoking the belt of Orion; Tennyson was right to set a higher value on this last stanza, and he later quarried it for *The Princess* v 248-54:

. . . as the beam
Of the East, that played upon them, made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,
That glitter burnished by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, washed with morning, as they came.

The description of Merlin was re-fashioned for the stanza on Homer which Tennyson added to *The Palace of Art* in 1842:

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snowed upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.

They came on one that rode alone,
Astride upon a lob-eared roan,
Wherefrom stood out the staring bone,
The wizard Merlin wise and gray.
His shanks were thin as legs of pies,
The bloom that on an apple dries
Burnt underneath his catlike eyes
That twinkled everyway

High brows above a little face
Had Merlin—these in every place
Ten million lines did cross and lace;
Slow as the shadow was his pace,
The shade that creeps from dawn to dusk.
From cheek and mouth and throat a load
Of beard—a hundred winters snowed
Upon the pummel as he rode
Thin as a spider's husk.

He stopped full butt. 'God's death, Sir Knight,
Your fame will flourish pure and bright.
You spare no pains. 'Tis your delight
To seek the Sangraal day and night;
It is no fable, by my troth;
We know you are the cream and pride
Of knighthood blazoned far and wide,
The talk of the whole countryside.
Good morrow to you both.'

[*lacuna*]

At last, mid lindentufts that smiled
In newest foliage, fresh and wild,—
With haughty towers turret-piled
To Heaven—by one deep moat in-isled
Shone the white walls of Joyeuse Garde.
Then saw they three [*lacuna*]

They trampling through the woodland lone
In clanging armour flashed and shone
Like those three suns that flame alone
Chased in the airy giant's zone,
And burnished by the frosty dark;
And as the dogstar changes hue,
And bickers into green and blue,
Each glittered laved in lucid dew
That washed the grassy park.

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Longmans

The Two Voices

The importance of the manuscript in Notebook 15 (1833) may be suggested by quoting three unadopted passages from what was then entitled *Thoughts of a Suicide*. The first appears, deleted, following line 81 ("The silent summit overhead"); it amplifies the oppressive conviction that the scale of knowledge is infinite. "Six thousand suns", because of Archbishop Ussher's Biblical archaeology, estimating the date of the Creation—as in Ida's reference to "six thousand years of fear" (*The Princess* iv 486).

The largest mind, his orb fulfilled,
All round him sees a boundless field ;
What then would fifty winters yield ?

Moreover if the gold of joy
In learning would not overbuy
Thy grief, 'twere better thou shouldst die.

Six thousand suns have failed to pour
Clear lustre on that boundless shore.
Will thirty seasons yield thee more ?

The second unadopted passage follows the picture of the insentient dead man (lines 241-64); this Trinity draft transposes the two concluding stanzas, and so ends:

'He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

The unadopted passage which follows may remind us, both in its subject and in its desolation, that Hallam Tennyson described *The Two Voices* (published 1842) as "begun under the cloud of his overwhelming sorrow after the death of Arthur Hallam"; yet *Thoughts of a Suicide* was in existence by June, 1833 (Arthur Hallam died suddenly on September 15, 1833), and the Trinity manuscript is manifestly an early draft. The strong probability is therefore that this vivid passage on the death of "thy best friend" preceded Hallam's death ; it would subsequently have struck Tennyson as a hideous premonition. Its hopelessness is relevant to Tennyson's later remark to James Knowles about *In Memoriam*: "It's too hopeful, this Poem—more than I am myself". The first line of the passage recalls a stanza unadopted in *In Memoriam* lix (Harvard manuscript): "Use other means than sobbing breath. . . ."

When thy best friend draws sobbing breath,
Plight thou a compact ere his death
And comprehend the words he saith.

Urge him to swear, distinct and plain,
That out of bliss or out of pain
He will draw nigh thee once again.

Is that his footstep on the floor ?
Is this his whisper at the door ?
Surely he comes. He comes no more.

The third unadopted passage appears in the Trinity manuscript in place of lines 268-318 ; it follows upon the description of the dead, and leads into the insistence that there was a time when a particular soul did not exist:

Where wert thou when thy father played
In his free field, and pastime made,
A merry boy in sun and shade ?

(lines 319-21)

The draft had extended this prenatal vacancy back through time, with a preoccupation characteristic of Tennyson.

A little space the voice was husht,
Then spake: 'When first the firehill flusht
The midnight, and the torrent gusht—

When Mammoth, in the primal woods,
Wore, trampling to the fountain-floods,
Broad roads through blooming solitudes—

Where wert thou with the other souls ?
Rolled where the equal tradewind rolls ?
Or wheeled about the glimmering poles ?

Lines

Tennyson published *Lines* ("Here often, when a child, I lay reclined") in the *Manchester Athenaeum Album*, 1850 ; he did not reprint the poem. The *Memoir* entitles it *Mablethorpe*, and describes it as "a fragment of a poem about Mablethorpe" (i 161), which is on the Lincolnshire coast and where the Tennysons often stayed. In Notebook 17, where it appears with poems written in 1833, there is a second stanza added in a later ink. Its last line was to be transformed into *The Passing of Arthur* 87 in 1869: "The phantom circle of a moaning sea". The mood of the poem as published (and as originally written—Tennyson put a dash under it in the Trinity manuscript) is drastically modified by the second stanza, which begins by agreeing to repudiate the child's fantasy ("Here stood the infant Ilion of the mind . . .").

Yet though perchance no tract of earth have more
Unlikeness to the fair Ionian plain,
I love the place that I have loved before,
I love the rolling cloud, the flying rain,
The brown sea lapsing back with sullen roar
To travel leagues before he comes again,
The misty desert of the houseless shore,
The phantom-circle of the moaning main.

The Gardener's Daughter

In Notebook 17, a draft of *The Gardener's Daughter* (written 1833-4; published 1842) includes an unadopted passage which begins in lines 185-6: "Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,/Made this night thus". Its thoughts on grief are of interest both because of their relationship to *In Memoriam* and because they suggest some biographical self-reproach. Did they perhaps originate in the death of Tennyson's father in March, 1831? The evocation of that death in the poem *To J. S.* (published 1832) had been strangely calm, and the author of those lines might well have found himself "Grieved that I grieved so little". The two lines on "the sense that handles daily life/And keeps us all in order more or less" were to be incorporated in *Walking to the Mail* (written 1837-8? ; published 1842).

Love at first sight, my Walter, Love first-born
To whom belonged the birthright of the heart
Made this night thus: but with the morrow came
My cousin to my chamber, bringing me
A letter edged and sealed with funeral-signs:
For yestermorn, we walking in our joy,
The third last brother of my father's house
Left each an orphan of all kindred blood
But that which branches in the other's veins.
Chiefmourner Eustace went: but as for me
Localities, as dear as childhood, held
The will to follow: neither could I go,
Nor could assimilate peculiar grief:
Like nature quick to hide the grave with life,
Grieved that I grieved so little, I lay mused
In some more spacious sadness lightly worn,
For all things changed themselves to jubilee.
Yet earnestly spake Eustace ere he went:
'Methinks his duties to the happy man
Should come, like first impressions, easily.
My friend, the sense that handles daily life
And keeps us all in order more or less
Will comment on the surface. It is well
As far as may be even in love to hold
The reservation of an equal mind
Well-balanced, and the measure of the man.'
This uttered with a mouth of aphorism,
He parting wrote me word that Death had filled
The hands of Love with gold. 'Some debts to pay
Or gather in, new friendships, old made new
Delay my coming,' so that summer long
I might be seen as regular as one
Whose habits harden into constant form
Threading the fervent marketsquare alone.

An earlier draft in Notebook 17 includes a quaintly fantastic account of the disguises which the narrator adopted in order to gain access to Rose, the gardener's daughter. The passage follows the account of the "pretexts" (line 188) which drew him to her home.

And 'twas my whim (some skill I had that way)
Surely for no mistrust, but liberal scope
Of observation, to indue disguise.
Sometimes a manufacturer undone
By strange inventions; sometimes there I went
A wandering seaman with a tale of woe.
And once or twice a hawker, shop in hand,
Rings, lockets, laces, forehead-jewels, air
Of woven gauzes, gloves of primrose kid
Fit for the hands of spring: their worth to me
The chance that she might wear them. What delight
To measure breadths with her long hand—stand out
And haggle prices—swear I took no less—
Then speaking quick and in my usual tone,
Or in too choice a phrase for what my garb
Might promise, sudden recognition dawned.

"Who can say"

Tennyson published the *Song*, "Who can say" in 1832 ; he did not reprint it. Notebook 20 (1833) shows that he then thought of incorporating it into a passage of blank-verse dialogue, with a poetic form resembling his much later poem *The Ancient Sage*. The line about "consonant chords" was to become *The Princess* iii 74 ; a version of the two concluding lines formed part of an unpublished preamble to *The Gardener's Daughter*.

Who can say &c
[Who can say
Why Today
Tomorrow will be yesterday ?]
Because the earth rolls round my Viola
And every point between the sleeping poles
Through lesser or through greater circles borne
Sweeps through the shadow into light again.

Nonsense, I could have told you that myself;
That is not all my meaning. Hark again.

Who can tell &c
[Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time ?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.]
No, no, nor why the scents of certain flowers
Mind me of music though I partly know
Why thy dear kisses are more sweet to me
Than any flowers or music in the world.
As to the point in question I pronounce
'Tis not alone the fine dust of the flower
Which striking through the passage of the nerves
Begets a different motion in the brain,
But that within the brain or soul itself
There is a common ground or marriage bond
Of all the senses, whence they sometimes are
Consonant chords that shiver to one note.
As who excels in any kind of art
Hath in himself the elements of all.

In Memoriam

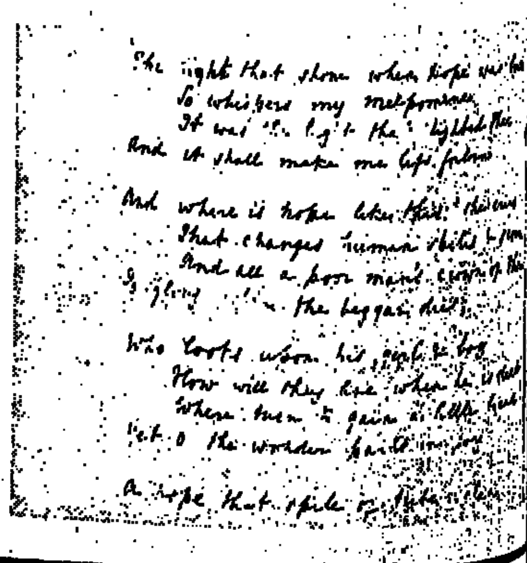
Hallam Tennyson printed three unpublished sections of *In Memoriam* from the Trinity Manuscript: "Young is the grief I entertain", "I keep no more a lone distress", and "Are these the far-famed Victor Hours" (which he mistranscribed as "Are those . . ."). The Trinity Manuscript (which is dated November, 1842) includes a further fragmentary section following xxx, "With trembling fingers did we weave". This fragment opens by repeating the last line of xxx. "My Melpomene" (the Muse of tragedy and of elegy) speaks too in xxxvii. The penultimate line is without punctuation in the Manuscript.

'The light that shone when Hope was born':
So whispers my Melpomene,
'It was the light that lighted thee,
And it shall make me less forlorn.

And where is hope like this', she cries,
'That changes human spites and scorns
And all a poor man's crown of thorns
To glory when the beggar dies;

Who looks upon his girl and boy:
How will they live when he is dead ?
Where turn to gain a little bread ?
Yet—O the wonder—parts in joy;

A hope that, spite of tribe and clan'



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Death of a princess

EDWARD MORTIMER : *France and the Africans 1944-1960*. 390pp. Faber and Faber. £2 15s.

For some time now we have been told that the history of Africa must be considered in African terms. We have been told, in spite of Professor Trevor-Roper, that the continent of Africa was already filled with its own history and with its own politics when Europeans made their first appearance there. Often, far from dominating the scene, Europeans had to fit in to what was already in existence. We are constantly reminded that the period of European rule in Africa lasted, effectively, for a comparatively short time. In many respects the colonial powers set their sights low. They did not seek to transform African societies (as many of the early missionaries had confidently expected to do) ; governments wanted only to maintain peace and order, build roads, hospitals, schools, while traders wanted to persist in their routine, though profitable, ventures. Thus the aims of imperialism are made to appear modest.

It could be argued that the history of French Africa does not fit easily into all this. French aims were not at all low, since the principle of assimilation meant that Africans could be turned into Frenchmen, and since the idea of 100 million Frenchmen, or of a France stretching from Dunkirk to Brazzaville, was a more adventurous idea even than the imperial dreams of a Rhodes or a Chamberlain. Of course, assimilation can easily be dismissed. It can be shown that there were many Frenchmen who preferred "association" or even "autonomy" ; it can be shown that assimilation was only an elitist concept, affecting a small number of *évolués* ; and nothing is easier to ridicule than the notion of teaching African children to celebrate such peculiarly French phenomena as Corneille and July 14, 1789. Still, the problem remains: was the idea of a French Africa and of French Africans purely a myth and a nonsense ?

Mr. Edward Mortimer has written a straightforward and factual survey of Africa south of the Sahara, from the Brazzaville conference of 1944 to the achievements of independence in 1960, which illuminates these problems of French Africa. Clearly his task has been difficult, since he has had to cope with the complexities both of African and of French politics. But from all this detail a number of factors emerge. We can see how the whole of the African political scene was affected by French influence. Although Houphouët-Boigny built up a form of totalitarian political party in the Ivory Coast, he nevertheless sought to play a role in the French political scene. Although Senghor stressed the importance of African culture, and thought of an African reply to the dominance of French ideas on civilization, nevertheless he was a French *agrégé*, he looked to Paris as well as to the hinterland of Senegal, he wanted to combine the advantages of being French with the qualities of being African.

So far as French politicians were concerned, it is more than likely that most of the communists and many of the socialists (including Marius Moutet) concealed behind their liberal pretensions some traditional ideas about the prestige of France, and there were many deputies who were susceptible to the pressures and blandishments of the settler lobbies. The doctoring of African political life by the French administration was notorious. Nevertheless, these same French politicians created, and accepted, a system whereby French governments in Paris could be overthrown by the votes of deputies elected by African electorates. These African deputies could also be ministers. And Mr. Mortimer asks a pertinent question when he wonders whether the British public would have accepted the presence of Kwame Nkrumah or Jomo Kenyatta in the British Cabinet. We must also remember that the proportion of the French national income spent on aid to the countries in the French Union was greater than the comparable expenditure of the United Kingdom or of the United States. When in April, 1957, Nkrumah visited Houphouët-Boigny in Abidjan, this was seen as an historic meeting. The two leaders seemed to personify opposite solutions to the African problem. Nkrumah believed that only African efforts could develop the African economy and African civilization. Houphouët believed that Africa should develop in association with France in a Franco-African community.

Mr. Mortimer outlines the evolution of French policies. We can see how the ideas of assimilation are substantially modified, from the new atmosphere that was created by M. Buron, minister in the Mendès-France government, to the *loi-cadre*, or framework law, that enabled the French government to proceed by decree to measures of decentralization in the African territories. But even where there was a clear African movement for independence (influenced by events in British Africa, or by the intervention of the United Nations, as in Togo), we find the persistence of the idea of some sort of institutionalized Franco-African association. As late as July, 1958, it was possible for Sekou Touré to speak of France being the nation "with which we mean to link our destiny", and in August, 1968, Sylvanus Olympio, who had come to power in Togo in order to bring in independence, was still speaking of the possibility of a "Commonwealth français".

How, then, did it all end ? Here, at the climax of his story, Mr. Mortimer moves rather too quickly, and after so much expository detail there will be few readers who will not feel the need for a conclusion. He attributes a great deal of importance to de Gaulle in the break with Guinea in 1968. It was de Gaulle who forced the issue when he announced that any territory that voted "No" in the referendum would automatically become independent. Both Lamine-Guèye and Senghor protested at this decision. If the Bretons voted "No" were they told that they would no longer be part of France ? "We can only be Frenchmen like you", said Lamine-Guèye, "if you are willing to be Frenchmen with us." It was the end of assimilation, and Mr. Mortimer believes that de Gaulle was fundamentally "cartiériste", anxious not to spend money on territories, such as Guinea, that were not reliable. It was de Gaulle who persisted in this attitude, in spite of Touré's attempts to dilute the effects of Guinea having voted "No". (The story is told here of Touré trying to present the first government of independent Guinea to the French Governor, M. Risterucci, who was by then only the representative of a foreign power, and who could do no more than offer the ministers a drink.)

Mr. Mortimer also suggests that it was de Gaulle who changed his mind in the course of 1959 and abandoned those who, like Houphouët-Boigny, still wished to have a Communauté that would be more than a Commonwealth. But the details of these events, which culminate in the French sponsorship of twelve independent African states in the United Nations, are somewhat slurred over in *France and the Africans*. Such concluding haste, together with the omission of Madagascar from the whole work, are the flaws in a book which is patiently informative and which will be found useful by a great many. This is the story of what Senghor called "l'agonie d'une princesse pitoyable".

The facts

COLIN LEGUM AND JOHN DRYSDALE (Editors) : *Africa Contemporary Record : Annual Survey and Documents, 1968-69*. 905pp. Africa Research Ltd. £9 9s.

Where does Botswana stand in its foreign policy ? How many banks are there in Gambia ? What were the terms of the memorandum of understanding on the Ethiopia-Sudan border dispute in August, 1968 ? The answers to these questions, and hundreds of others, are to be found in this first volume of what is intended to be an annual series. It is a most impressive volume. It contains facts and figures, set out country by country, and in its first part a set of articles on major current issues in Africa—Dame Margery Perham on the Nigerian civil war, for example, and Kaye Whiteman (of *West Africa*) on French policy in Africa throughout the year under review.

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Barrie & Rockliff: The Cresset Press

Ventilating Portland Place

HUGH GREENE: *The Third Floor Front.* 144pp. Bodley Head. 21s.

"I was like a Beefeater tampering with the Crown Jewels", writes Sir Hugh Greene recalling his intention to do away with the Nine O'clock News. The phrase is as neat a piece of autobiographical caricature as you could wish for; and it is typical of the book- candid, concise and entertaining. Not that the whole effect is anecdotal and skittish; far from it. The book has a serious purpose and a documentary value. The core of it is an account of the aims which the Director General of the B.B.C. pursued during the decade while he was in charge.

The publishers present *The Third Floor Front* as though it were already a minor classic -elegant and pocketable. The charming yet ambitious format is, in a sense, justified. Sir Hugh Greene's "View of Broadcasting in the Sixties" is a clear, straight vista, where the recurrent features are carefully planned for the sake of perspective, as in a colonnade or avenue. The book, in its brevity and conception, is more like Machiavelli's *The Prince* or Newman's *Apologia* than the conventional memoirs of a successful public figure. It is as combative as Newman, and as self-revelatory, and as pragmatic as Machiavelli.

In the forty odd years of its history, the high officials of the B.B.C. have written very little of enduring quality to explain the peculiarities of that mysterious institution. The reason for this lack may be the instability of the Corporation itself, living precariously as it does from one Charter to the next. The B.B.C. has no freehold in its own existence. The date of its expiry is written into each renewal of its lease. When a new Charter has been gained, a very few years go by before the Director General must be worrying about the next. "Once is enough", writes Sir Hugh about his experience of the Pilkington Committee. "An inquiry like this is an ordeal. For two years or more it took up most of the time of many of us in the B.B.C. . . . We had to think about ourselves and the justification for our existence." The B.B.C. is seldom free from the torment of self-examination, and the main burden of that painful exercise falls upon the chief executive.

Survival into change is the underlying theme of this collection of speeches and lectures, which Sir Hugh has arranged, with some linking narrative, in a sequence to cover not only the period of his Director-Generalship but also of the previous twenty years. The material chosen to represent the earlier period is specially significant because we can see in it the formation of an outlook and the acquisition of skills which were to characterize the direction of the B.B.C. during the later decade. It began with the establishment in 1960 of a Committee of Enquiry into Broadcasting. "I approached this event", Sir Hugh writes, "as a problem in psychological warfare: define one's objective, rally one's friends, rattle one's enemies. . . . I do not believe I could have done this job without my experience in the BBC German Service and in Malaya." He might have added that it was in Germany after the war that he had learnt how to be the D.G.

The section called "Rebuilding German Broadcasting" is one of the most interesting in the book. John Reith was thirty-eight when he became the B.B.C.'s first Director General. Hugh Greene was two years younger when he accepted a post less spectacular but hardly less challenging—to reestablish and direct German Broadcasting in the British Zone. "It was an exhilarating period . . . and I hope that some of the gaiety . . . and irreverence of those days still echoes down the corridors of German broadcasting stations." Ten years later gaiety and irreverence were to re-echo down the corridors of Television Centre and even in the Board Room of Portland Place. "I wanted to open the windows and dissipate the ivory tower stuffiness which still clung to some parts of the B.B.C. I wanted to encourage enterprise and the taking of risks." Looking back on these endeavours, towards the end of the book, he writes:

> I think the BBC's output during those years . . . has brought out into the open one of the great cleavages in our society. It has always existed: Cavalier versus Roundhead, Sir Toby Belch versus Malvolio. . . . But in those years was added the split between those who looked back to a largely imaginary golden age, to the imperial glories of Victorian England and hated the present, and those who accepted the present and found it in many ways more attractive than the past.

Sir Hugh's claim that he [illegible] the Time Spirit is abundantly [illegible] fied by the evidence of the book [illegible] by the experience of the BBC audience. But whether this achievement satisfied the public [illegible] broadcasting in the 1960s is a [illegible] matter. The author shows little [illegible] cern for any other expectation. "Relevance is the key", he writes [illegible] the programme output. "Relevance to the audience and to the [illegible] opinion in society." It sounds [illegible] democratic doctrine. Is it enough? If it was enough for the 1960s, [illegible] be enough for the 1970s?

"Programme plans must be [illegible] on the assumption that the audience is capable of reasonable behaviour and of the exercise of intelligence." Doubts are gathering about [illegible] assumption as the decade closes [illegible] a rare moment of exasperation Sir Hugh exclaims: "How can [illegible] consciously plan for the unreasonable or the unintelligent?" It looks [illegible] if the effort will have to be made [illegible] looks as if mere acquiescence [illegible] movement of the Time Spirit will [illegible] suffice. "I was part of a [illegible] flowing stream". Sir Hugh [illegible] his foreword, telling us of his [illegible] to dissipate the stuffiness. He [illegible] to have enjoyed the experience [illegible] the confession of it raises the [illegible] tion of whether discernment [illegible] consent in the "tide of opinion [illegible] society" is all we ask from [illegible] national instrument of broadcasting.

The effect of *The Third Floor* [illegible] is one of cheerful Whiggish [illegible] ism; and of confidence in reason [illegible] tolerance. It will be an encouragement to those who believe [illegible] adequacy of those virtues; but [illegible] also be a well-expressed warning [illegible] those who distrust their sufficiency.

Skin game

BASIL D'OLIVEIRA: *The D'Oliveira Affair.* 182pp. Collins. 30s.

The D'Oliveira affair, though in some ways farcical, may turn out to have had an important influence on British attitudes to South Africa. Until last summer, many unpolitical Britons had evidently not fully taken in the rigidity of the South African regime. Even the administrators of the M.C.C., who had the advice of Sir Alec Douglas-Home, plainly believed that the South African Prime Minister, Mr. Vorster, might be ready to modify his racial policies for the sake of international sportsmanship. He was not: and by banning an England cricket team on the sole ground that it contained one Coloured man, Basil D'Oliveira (whose skin, as it happens, is lighter than that of many of his English cricket colleagues), Mr. Vorster advertised his intolerance to the general public here in the most effective way possible.

The row over these events was not encouraged by Mr. D'Oliveira himself. Publicly, while others were attacking the M.C.C. or the South African government, he declined to criticize anyone. Even now, in his straightforward account of the affair, he allows himself only the mildest complaints about the political system that has distorted his life. His driving ambition, while he was growing up in Cape Town and later as a professional cricketer in England, has been to play on the white South African grounds "where I had previously been confined to non-white compounds". He gives a moving account of how "confused and frightened" he and his wife were, because of apartheid, when they transferred to non-segregated England. Even so, he has always been careful, he tells us, never to say or do anything that "could be considered racially contentious". "I have an inbuilt anxiety", he writes, "not to kick against the traces." He has hoped that he would make his own contribution to better race relations by playing for England in South Africa and thereby "dignify myself and all those like me, in the presence of the white African".

The idea that a coloured man of talent can best help his own people by demonstrating his skills and character in competition with whites, avoiding racial politics, has had distinguished adherents, among them Sir Arthur Lewis, the West Indian economist, and Dr. Ralph Bunche, the American Negro and Under Secretary-General of the United Nations. But for Mr. D'Oliveira at least this method is now out-of-date. His scheme depended on his being allowed to play Test cricket in white South Africa; but he has now been prevented from doing so by Mr. Vorster.

What, therefore, is Mr. D'Oliveira's revised attitude to be? He himself plainly hopes that he can carry on as before; but unfortunately for him the affair of which he was the "reluctant central figure" is by no means over yet. South Africa's Test team is due in England next summer, and many people (including *The Times*) think the tour should be cancelled. Mr. D'Oliveira, at the end of his book, says he hopes it will take place "free from political controversy"; but this is a dream: opponents are already busy organizing against it. Indeed, Mr. D'Oliveira supplies the protesters with further ammunition by describing the way non-white cricketers in South Africa have been prevented from developing their talents and by naming non-white players who "could have been raised to test standard".

Besides, not only did the whole dispute come to a head over Mr. D'Oliveira, but many of his own people look to him for leadership. When he went back to South Africa on a visit he was paraded through the streets of Cape Town to a Mayor's reception: "It would be difficult for anyone in England to appreciate the extent of this welcome. To the non-Europeans, I had achieved the ultimate."

Any attitude that he takes towards the coming South African tour will thus have significance: whether he speaks up against the discrimination practised against non-white sportsmen in South Africa, or whether he remains silent. His own inclination, on the evidence of his book, will surely be to try to stay neutral; as Colin Cowdrey, the England captain, writes in a foreword, "he is tempted to shrink away from the awesome responsibilities of it all". Neutrality for Mr. D'Oliveira, however, is no longer possible. By acting against him on political grounds, the South African government have propelled him into a position of political influence. It is hard on him, but there is no escape.

Self-defiled

NIGEL CALDER: *Technopolis.* 381pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 5s.

Not all members of the congregation at a revivalist meeting are present to have their blood chilled, and not all who read Nigel Calder do so to learn of the technological wrath to come. To begin with, he can put most preachers to shame with his fund of anecdote. Like them, too, he often ensures that his anecdotes are relevant by the simple expedient of making the anecdote an end in itself. Yet there is usually a moral. Technology is potentially dangerous; scientists are often pawns in the hands of politicians—but not always, for sometimes it is the other way about; scientists are not "razor-minded saints", but human beings. They are also—and this is far from being a platitude—social and even sociable creatures. And like all social creatures, they are capable of being nasty to each other. In fact since they come in all shapes and sizes, Mr. Calder has set himself a well-nigh impossible task, in trying to rationalize *Technopolis*, "the society of applied science", and lay out its forms—actual and desired—within the covers of a single book.

In all, he has nevertheless been surprisingly successful. There is, of course, the tacit assumption made in most works of this kind that Science is One. How else can one voice such large generalizations as that existing social forms are inadequate to control technology? The real merits of this book are on a smaller scale. It falls, quite naturally, into perhaps a hundred racy, leader-length sections packed with unusual information and some very perceptive judgments. (The ambivalence of American attitudes to state enterprise is brought out very well, for instance.) Of course they are not always absolutely accurate, and of course they will never pass as history; but they have their merits, none the less. Few of Mr. Calder's readers who lay claim to a [illegible] conscience will get very far [illegible] having it stirred in one [illegible] another. Thalidomide, [illegible] sonic booms, pesticide con[illegible] tion these words might [illegible] the tongue, prompted by [illegible] word "science", in any association test; but how [illegible] Englishmen are concerned [illegible] the brain-drain from poorer [illegible] tries to theirs, and how [illegible] have ever thought of the [illegible] effect on poorer countries of [illegible] ing substituted synthetic materials [illegible] their natural products? If [illegible] problems are not rousing enough [illegible] Calder can provide a hundred [illegible] couched in a vigorous modern [illegible] which is less likely to offend the [illegible] than are some of the more [illegible] metaphors: scientific discoveries [illegible] female and practical purpose [illegible] male; the offspring are innov[illegible] The metaphor grows to encompass flirtation and coupling, and [illegible] discoveries, electricity, for example [illegible] serve as common whores". [illegible] this point does it become apparent precisely which of the many [illegible] verses of Psalm 106 Mr. Calder [illegible] have taken for the text of his sermon: "Thus were they defiled with their own works, and went a whoring with their own inventions."

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Poet and producer

E. MARTIN BROWNE: *The Making of T. S. Eliot's Plays.* 349pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 15s.

Eliot's own blurb for his first play, *The Rock* (1934), described it as "a work of collaboration between Mr. Eliot and Mr. Martin Browne, the producer of the play". For his other five plays, written over a period of twenty-five years, Mr. Browne was the constant theatrical adviser and director. In the printed texts prefatory notes acknowledge his influence on their evolution from the earliest drafts to the final versions. Drawing upon the records of that long and close association—his own and his wife's diary and recollections, letters from and to Eliot, the successive typescript drafts of the plays—and also upon the records of the early productions and reviews, Mr. Browne has now written a substantial and well-documented history of Eliot's career as a dramatist.

The point of view throughout *The Making of T. S. Eliot's Plays* is that of the producer, hardly at all that of the critic. This of course is the special contribution to the appreciation of Eliot that we should have hoped for from his chosen collaborator. But it is possible that this is in any case the fittest and most illuminating approach to the plays. To write closet dramas for literary critics was the last thing Eliot wanted. He set himself to master the craft of writing for Shaftesbury Avenue and Broadway in order to reach as extensive and popular an audience as possible. He recognized that if a poet's "dramatic verse is to be really dramatic he must acquire also the point of view of the producer, the actor and the audience". Not the poetry, but the effective theatrical performance, was what he laboured to provide.

The critic's temptation is to substitute analytic for theatrical interpretation, and so collapse the full experience of a play into clever talk. To an interviewer who asked if he intended *The Cocktail Party* "to be regarded as a criticism of a society without form". Eliot retorted: "I intended to produce characters whose drawing-room behaviour was generally correct." The meaning is in the experience, and we should take care not to violate that with mere ideas.

Thus one comes to respect and appreciate Mr. Browne's method of discovering meaning in performance. His chapter "The Chorus in Performance" is a fine example. By a sensitive account of the technical demands of the choruses in *Murder in the Cathedral* he reveals a subtle orchestration of distinctly characterized elements of feeling. They should be spoken not as "an anonymous vision", he writes, "but the harmony of persons thinking together, expressed in a series of chords". Again, starting from the difficulty of staging the appearance of the Eumenides in *The Family Reunion*, he recovers, in finding that it was best for the audience not to see them at all, their proper mystery.

Eliot's deliberate and progressive subordination of poetic to theatrical effect is revealed in his revisions. (Mr. Browne gives extensive passages from the early drafts.) At first he was very much the poet in the theatre. Of *The Rock* he chose to regard as his own only the choruses, and these he collected with his poems, not his plays. *Murder in the Cathedral* is still so much a dramatic poem that passages left over from it could go straight into *Burnt Norton*. But in revising *The Family Reunion* Eliot cut out much poetic writing closely related to *Four Quartets*. And thereafter he "laid down for myself the ascetic rule to avoid poetry which could not stand the test of strict dramatic utility". So, at the end of Act I of *The Confidential Clerk*, Sir Claude thinks of "sitting for a while with my china", where the early draft had "Chinese jar" (c.f. *Burnt Norton* V). Mr. Browne remarks that this asceticism "led to a 'rationing' of the poetry so strict that, as some feel, it has diminished the peculiar contribution which Eliot as a poet could have made to the stage". For himself, he seems not to have found the last two plays, distinguished and successful though they were, especially exciting or rewarding to produce.

With *The Family Reunion* (and *Murder in the Cathedral*) the technical problems had been charged with dramatic significance. The handling of the Eumenides is an example. Another is Eliot's reordering of Agatha's lines in II ii so that the theme of purgation, which had been diffusely pervasive, is structured towards a climactic revelation. This was a matter of transforming poetic materials into an effective dramatic form. But with *The Confidential Clerk* the problems go no deeper than craft and technique: how to keep the story line clear; how to compound the complexities of identity and relationship without going too far; how, quite simply, to produce characters whose drawing-room behaviour was generally correct. As Mr. Browne says, in Eliot's postwar social comedies "too much of his energy is devoted to the correct expression of unimportant social niceties".

Had he forgotten what he had written in 1936, that "underneath the action, which should be p[…] intelligible, there should be a m[…] pattern which intensifies our e[…]ment by reinforcing it with [...] from a deeper and less a[…] level"? At any rate, to deny [...]self the resources of poetry [...] renounce his natural mode of [...]ing that musical pattern. W[…] should have made so comp[…] separation between his writ[…] *Four Quartets* and that of his [...] is a question not easily or short[…] be answered. One can observe in the latest plays the musical p[…] is hardly more than a remote [...]sion to *Oedipus at Colonus* or th[…] of Euripides: and that the ab[…] of poetry, without the invention [of] any dramatic equivalent, would [...] simply to have impoverished [...] vision. Yet it may be that this [...] a deliberate and successful effo[rt to] deny significance to the onl[y] world of appearance. For p[…] even while trying to transcend it, [...] not avoid intensifying and enri[ching] that world. But Eliot wanted "*dépayser*", to alienate, his audi[ence]. "It is not by writing qu[…] 'poetic' passages but by [...]ing us the sense of [...]thing behind, more real [...] any of his personages, that Ma[…] established himself among [...] writers of genius." But that "s[…]thing behind, more real" cann[ot be] directly apprehended or expre[ssed] and that perhaps is why "the p[…] does not matter". What rema[…] to acquire "the wisdom of humil[ity]". If the last plays seem to reduc[…] to the terms of superficial soci[…] theatrical conventions which (as Mr. Browne remarks) were already [...]worn when the plays were w[…] then that may be precisely what E[liot] meant. Whether he makes the [...] extreme separation of appear[ance] and reality, and whether he does [...] the sense of something more re[al], questions only to be answered [...] theatre.

The Making of T. S. Eliot's [*Plays*] nourishes such reflections, and [...] us from them by bringing us [...] always to texts and performance[s]. [Its] faults are venial. It seems inc[om]plete for want of photographs [of] early productions. In writing [that] Claudel "certainly had a con[sider]able influence on Eliot" Mr. Bro[wne] must be unaware that Eliot h[ad] said (in *Le Figaro Littéraire*, M[…] 1954) that he was not a writer f[rom] whom he had learnt anything. [...] one can say virtually without qu[alifi]cation that to those who care fo[r the] performance and study of E[liot's] plays this will prove a wholly s[…] and useful book.

Bring Out Your Dead

A cart goes by, the creaking wheels of peace,
Loaded up with old cookers and discarded clothes.
The widows finally threw out their husbands' suits,
On their way to decadence, remarriage, or classic grief.

The driver sings, a child teases him with an old boot.
Man and boy, they take away the used, discarded heap.
A widow looks in an empty wardrobe, at mothballs
Like old fondant sweets, a pair of shoes she missed.

DOUGLAS DUNN

Beyond excitability

ERIC BENTLEY: *The Theatre of Commitment.* 237pp. Methuen. 30s.

Eric Bentley's latest collection of essays on the theatre is broad and unspecific in the subjects it tackles—ranging from "Is the Drama an Extinct species?" to "The Pro and Con of Political Theatre"—and each essay demonstrates Mr. Bentley's chief accomplishment as a critic: an ability to place the plays he views in relation to the world at large.

This is no mean feat, for one of the tendencies of so much dramatic criticism is to call attention by its style and opinions to the person writing it, and to create a form of breathless euphoria around the happening of seeing a play. Mr. Bentley's own criteria are the highest, and he penetrates the excitability of the event to probe for more durable quality. To begin with, there is an almost total lack of invective in these essays; what little there is is mostly directed towards his own colleagues, the critics. Being a practical man of the theatre, Mr. Bentley is acutely conscious of the problems of mounting a play, which so few critics take into account, and at the same time he is prompted by an anxious awareness of the conditions conducive to good playwriting.

In spite of attempting to stimulate a healthy scepticism in the would-be playwright (in which he demonstrates how Shaw, O'Neill, and Ibsen all were intent on putting a safe distance between themselves and the theatre world), Mr. Bentley reaffirms, with simple faith, and a pleasurably warm style, the positive values of the theatrical art: its magic, the capacity it supplies for god-seeking, and the sheer "celebration of fertility". Taking examples both ancient and modern, he shows how the achievement of all great drama is "precisely the spanning of both sides of man's nature, the spiritual and the physical, the intellectual and the emotional", in other words the audacity of Dionysus, and the controlling hand of Apollo.

The book is carefully balanced between an assertion of faith and an incisiveness of intellect, and it is in the title essay that the latter is particularly notable. In this essay Mr. Bentley writes at length on Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* (which we know under the English title of *The Representative*), analysing the reasons for its impact, and defining through its selective attack on Pius XII the means employed by the so-called "committed" writer to call attention to outrageous behaviour. For instance, he shows Pius XII as unafraid of Hitler, but inhumanly insensitive to the problems of the Jews; he also demonstrates the extent to which the play is an indictment of the ordinary German's reaction to Nazism.

Mr. Bentley also emphasizes the necessary element of subversion in theatrical production, disposes of alienation in the theatre, and illuminates the possibilities of political commitment in *Waiting for Godot*, quoting Jan Kott's ironically brilliant remark: "We do Brecht when we want fantasy. When we want sheer realism, we do *Waiting for Godot*". All in all, this book contains some of the best theatrical criticism we have seen for some time.

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Foundering fathers

THOMAS McGUANE: *The Sporting Club.* 220pp. André Deutsch. 30s.

[S]ince this is a novel about the Ameri[c]an ruling class, it is in our own in[ter]ests to note some of their reactions [t]o Europe. One of the sportsmen [m]embers of the Centennial Club had [b]ecome a Roman Catholic "in an [ex]travagant gesture of literary [A]nglo-faggotry" and decided that [t]he death of the aristocratical Pope [Pi]us XII began "an age of unparal[le]led prole boobery in Rome"; this [bi]zarre convert describes the late [Po]pe John as "a lousy mountain [wo]p". Not only religious fashions [ar]e influenced by Europe; there is a [tou]ch of the same kind of "Camp" [in] their sporting habits:

[It] occurred to them that the really great [thin]g would be to shoot driven game as [Har]old Macmillan did. Local boys [we]re hired for the dangerous work. [Ch]ildren of members were forbidden as [bein]g a more valuable commodity.

[Bu]t two members of the better type, [St]anton and Quinn, find this kind of [sh]ooting insupportable, insufficiently [che]valric and aristocratical: there[fo]re they join the line of beaters and [lo]ose up the operation, dangerously.

The story begins in a conventional [w]ay. We are introduced to the Cen[ten]nial Club, founded in 1868 by [lu]mber barons, with membership [h]anded down from father to son: [th]e members in 1968 are very wealthy [m]en, industrialists and the like, [s]pending their summer holidays [p]osing as hunters and pioneers in [a] site of virgin land: proud of their [h]istory, they intend to open a "time [c]apsule" buried by the founders in [18]68. But all is spoilt by wanton [St]anton, who spreads ill feeling and [le]ads Quinn into mischief as he has [do]ne since their youth, when they [w]ere allied in nihilistic pranks and [f]antasies, in the spirit of Isherwood [an]d Chalmers in *Lions and Shadows*.

Gradually, as the plot becomes less [p]lausible and the dashing language [g]rows more extravagant and Joycean, we are made aware that some kind of parable about America is being [o]ffered. Quinn is basically respect[a]ble, though easily led, and Stanton [c]alls him "Age of Eisenhower": but [St]anton himself is consumed with contempt not only for the modern world but for American traditions. The club's historian is called Spengler: he researches into the founders' ill deeds, their techniques of exploitation and expropriation, their failure to become aristocrats. At one point, dissident Quinn wants Spengler to tell fellow-members "that the West is not declining" or, alternatively, "absolutely any theory that will distract them: keep them mindful of our country's origins". Since "Spengler" is so direct a literary reference, the same may be true of other characters. "Stanton" is a name well known in American history. Possibly some kind of cryptogram is in operation like that of Julian Gloag in his recent "masterpiece", *Maundy*. But even if there is such a code to be broken, *The Sporting Club* is strong enough to stand without it, making many kinds of sense without the reader needing to know the author's key.

Partly it is an exposure of gentlemanly pretensions, the fraudulence of claims to superiority founded on inheritance. The best man in the place, by any democratical standards, is clearly Jack Olson, the club manager. Stanton has him sacked, perhaps because his virtue, his independence, takes the edge off the club's frightfulness. Olson, in quiet revenge, supplies the club with an extremely ungentlemanly and unservile successor, Earl Olive: this man comes from the world of Presley: moreover, he conducts an orgy on the gentlemen's grounds, with friends on Harley-Davidsons and a "plump little high-schooler in real stag magazine underwear". The members are afraid of Olive and form a lynching-party to get him, as though he were "The Wild One". But they are the wild ones: their leader, Fortescue, has English clothes, police contacts and "the face of a crazed spaniel".

Fortescue is tarred and feathered by Earl Olive. The time capsule is dug up and found to contain a filthy photograph of the club founders committing sexual indecencies, with the legend: "Dearest Children of the 20th Century. Do you Take Such Pleasures as Your Ancestors?" Is it a fake, planted by Stanton? If it's genuine, no wonder their children have failed to become aristocrats.

It may be felt that this hard, scornful: witty novel holds too many climaxes, too much action and enormity; but Thomas McGuane has control over his wild narrative, holding it between naturalism and fantasy, with language that is enjoyably surprising but rarely forced.

Recall

OWAIN HUGHES: *Hermit's Reprieve.* 156pp. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Francesca, pregnant by a man who has recently committed suicide, goes for advice to the Sibyl, a dotty old woman who has become a sort of oracle for Francesca and her friends. She is told to visit Edgar, who is living the life of a hermit on the Cornish coast. She goes, finds a measure of security there, and marries Edgar in order to provide the unborn child with a father. But things are not that simple. To begin with, Edgar can remember nothing of his past and when a trip to London jogs his memory, tragedy is not far off. The Sibyl, too, is not the benign figure she appears to be.

In making the characters rather larger than life to match the air of mystery and latent evil he strives for, Owain Hughes set himself a difficult task; and, for the most part, his people fail to convince. The interior monologues—italicized fragments interlarding the narrative—make them seem, if anything, smaller than life; and too often their thoughts merely provide information for the reader or seem little more than a continuation, in the first person, of the narrative. After all, someone in a state of paralysed shock is unlikely to think "Will this state of paralysed shock, in which I now find myself, pass?"—parenthesis and all. Only in the account of Edgar's monumental drunk—as his memory returns—does Mr. Hughes begin to find the oppressive tone he's after.

Dreaming it up

[Ne]w *Writers VII.* Special Volume on Dreams. Tina Morris, Edmund Crackenedge and Kanwal Sundar. 190pp. Calder and Boyars. 30s.

[The] connecting theme of "Dreams" [in] the latest of the *New Writers* [ser]ies looks like a shaky excuse for [bri]nging together a highly hetero[gen]eous trio of new authors. Dream [in] any sense of the word hardly de[scri]bes Mr. Sundar's "Avinash". This [is] really a collection of mystical and [mor]al fables, written pleasantly in [a] pellucid and slightly bemused [ma]nner of so much Anglo-Indian [fict]ion. Avinash encounters hermits [an]d priests, attends in a perplexed [wa]y to the sufferings and eccentrici[ties] of the poor, is alternately judge [and] victim of persecution in some [mil]dly Kafkaesque sequences. All [thi]s makes likeable yet slow and [repe]titive storytelling, leaving a [nagg]ing sense that one has seen this [for]m and simplicity of style applied [to th]is kind of allegory rather often [befo]re.

[M]iss Morris's long prose poem—no [othe]r term quite fits—qualifies better [for t]he dream label. Bizarre violence, [...] incest, sensations of gestation [and] death alternate in a planned but [conf]using way in a series of connect[ed] paragraphs written in the new [inter]national avant-garde prose: [...] "and" [as] an ampersand, [thr]ough" written as "thru", key [phra]ses given hectoring capitals. But [desp]ite the mannerisms Miss Morris [rarel]y loses one's attention. This [kind] of dream material is becoming [fash]ionable in current "underground" [lite]rature, but [she] manages to evoke many of her personal nightmare images with chilling effect.

But Modd, in Mr. Crackenedge's concrete novella, is not dreaming at all; in fact, he has a crude but useful grasp on reality. The lad's thoughts and activities, on the day when he learns that he has got Val from the sheath factory pregnant by employing rejects, are given in concrete blocks of prose—arranged to give a rough visual impression of what is going on. Thus, Modd appears in man-shaped paragraphs (a bit heavy-shouldered for one given that name), the description of Val's face is the shape of a face, and words arrange themselves in prison bars when the hero gloomily contemplates marrying her. Where a visual trick is easily possible Mr. Crackenedge usually pulls it off rather well. The sorry story is laced with some skilful comic touches, funniest where the author's powers of satirical observation are at their surest. But underneath these devices it is a threadbare little caricature of a tale, no guide to what this author could achieve with greater length and depth.

Pornbrokers

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE: *Wolf from the Door.* 208pp. W. H. Allen. 25s.

Wolf from the Door is an antiseptically clean novel about a dirty pastime—pornography. In Paris, John Scout is writing porny novels in order to pay the rent, while his girl friend Ursula, a professional virgin, is being dined by a succession of men who expect, but never get, payment in kind. Ursula turns out to be a better pornographer than John, though to her it's "all a great big fairy story". Their combined effort, *The Strip Teas*, is sold to a miserly London publishing firm by a crooked agent, and soon John is part of the London literary scene; but, worse even than that, his honour is threatened by the rapacious Pina, the sort of secretary every thoughtful publisher should keep on supply for his authors.

Mr. Croft-Cooke sets up his Aunt Sallies with care and knocks them over with vigour. During the inevitable trial, expert witnesses testify to the book's essential purity, pseudo-intellectuals read into it all sorts of allegorical profundity and the publishers prepare to cash in. There's a good deal of complaining, too, on behalf of the underpaid, ill-used author; and while the arguments for a better deal for writers are irrefutable, they sound suspiciously like extracts from an overworked lecture. Still, the book does manage to be amusing when the propaganda is given a rest, although John and Ursula, as pillars of moral rectitude, are, sometimes less funny than irritating.

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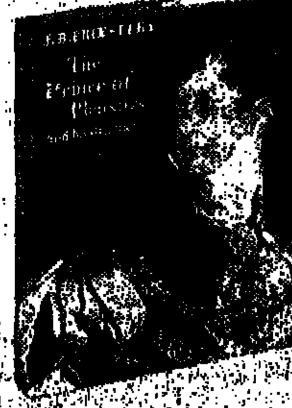

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THE TIMES

T·L·S

68th Year AUGUST 21 1969 No. 3,521

One culture?

When Lord Snow drew attention to the lack of communication between men pursuing the humanities and those devoting themselves to the sciences, he sounded a call which is still reverberating and has even resulted in some practical action to close the gap.

There have, indeed, always been people who have in their own persons been able to bridge this rift. In the present century Sir D'Arcy Thompson was equally eminent as a biologist and as a classical scholar, and in his works on Greek fishes and birds put his biology to the service of his scholarship. Even more remarkable was that astonishing man, Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, primarily a chemist, but also President of the Classical Association and President of the Modern Language Association.

A volume of essays by Sir Gavin de Beer (*Streams of Culture*. 237pp. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5.95) serves as a reminder that this tradition is not dead. Sir Gavin is himself best known as a doughty exponent of the Darwinian theory of evolution by natural selection, the former Director of the British Museum (Natural History), who confirmed and generalized Garstang's theory of paedomorphosis (the evolution of descendants from the youthful condition of the ancestors). But he has also tracked down the origin of the Etruscans, traced Hannibal's route over the Alps, identified St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall with the Iktin of Diodorus Siculus, studied Gibbon's malady, and shown how genetics can illuminate the transition from the Neolithic to the Bronze Age in western Europe.

This volume contains further evidence of his versatility. Apart from scientific papers already published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* and the like, which will cause no surprise, it includes an identification of Atlantis with the Minoan Empire and a proof that Norsemen had landed on the American continent before Columbus. Here indeed is a rounded man of whom his generation can feel proud.

Sir Gavin is therefore entitled to be heard with respect when he snorts that there are not two cultures but one. This is not really a contradiction of Lord Snow, though it looks like it. What Sir Gavin means is that "the mental processes involved in observation, verification and the use of the imagination in producing ideas are fundamentally the same in poets, artists, musicians, and scientists".

This is sound enough, and it is unlikely that Lord Snow would disagree. It is immaterial whether we say with him that there are two cultures, because of specialization, or whether we agree with Sir Gavin that there is one culture divided into many streams. The really interesting question for the student of Sir Gavin de Beer is the number of these streams. He makes "a plea for regarding western culture as a unit, so rich that it is divided into several streams which should be, and can be, knit together".

We need not cavil at the difficulty of knitting streams together. What is more important is that Sir Gavin has reservations about the unity of western culture. He has obvious doubts about philosophy, because philosophers practise observation but not experiment, and because philosophies are almost as numerous as philosophers. He has no doubts about theology, by which he means "not religion, but the systems of dogmatic beliefs that have been imposed on mankind". He finds proof in the writings of Father J. O'Neill—hardly the author whom most of us would select for the purpose that "the theologian, relying solely on what he believes to be the ultimate truth in so-called revealed texts and in tradition, is divorced from all the other streams of western culture".

If we take a synoptic view of Western culture, it is hardly possible to ignore philosophy and theology as elements in it. St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Bishop Berkeley, and Bishop Butler, to name only a few, were intellectual giants in their day and their reasoning still commands respect. It is not possible to deny some significance in the fact that Newton and Faraday, along with a host of others in the front rank of experimental science, were devoutly religious men. It is not profitable to make a division between theology and religion, for theology is just as much the systematization of religious experience as science is the systematization of scientific experience.

At this point it is necessary to take Sir Gavin to task. The idea that the theologian finds ultimate truth in revealed texts and in tradition will receive no support outside Tennessee and a few ultramontane pockets. Theology is entitled, like science, to be judged by its best examples, not by its worst. Exactly the same charges of dogmatism that Sir Gavin makes against theology could be made against scientific orthodoxy at many stages. Let it be admitted that Bishop Wilberforce made an ass of himself at the British Association meeting in Oxford in 1860; but it was the naturalist, Sir Richard Owen, who put him up to it. If authors are "still caught in the coils of the theory of recapitulation", it can... theologians who have ... there: only other scientis... responsible.

There are many instan... Gavin de Beer's writings ... he has not given to theo... same careful, objective stud... evidence that he has bestow... on *Archaeopteryx lithograph*... will suffice. He is pleased wi... gestion of the Archbishop o... terbury that the Fall of Ma... means that man has not risen ... or as fast as could have been ... His Grace, unlike Sir Ga... have been conscious that he ... saying anything original but ... echoing what F. R. Tenna... N. P. Williams were teac... Cambridge and Oxford resp... half a century ago. Their ... is now virtually the theologica... doxy, and is clearly far mor... patible with evolutionary ... than the Aunt Sally that Sir ... puts up for the purpose of ... down.

The fact is that Sir Gavin ... extend his views on the unity o... ern culture as far as he ough... truth was more nearly ex... when Sir Gavin was a pr... young don, by R. G. Colling... a work which can still be re... advantage. *Speculum mentis* (... wood's own interests and tas... to exaggerations in certain dir... but his basic view was sou... that art, religion, history, sci... philosophy are different ... apprehending the reality of ... verse. *Non uno itinere perv... test ad tam grande secretum* ... Roman philosopher so n... Sir Gavin accepts this for the ... less than for the sciences. He ... be encouraged to go further ... he finds himself in unac... theological company, it mi... him to reflect that the a... the *Principia mathematica* ... *philosophiae* was also the ... a commentary on the B... Daniel.

Commentary

Although the Nobel Prize for Literature is no longer (if it ever was) viewed as a notably reliable guide to literary merit, the award still retains a peculiar potency, as we suggested two weeks ago in the case of Yasunari Kawabata. The money helps, of course; a prize so massively bountiful could never be entirely without fascination. But the real strength of the Nobel is that it is probably the only literary award that is genuinely world-famous; it offers its recipients an international celebrity that almost certainly could not have been achieved by other means. What writer—and in particular what writer gifted with, say, a Finnish tongue—could pretend indifference to such far-flung booty?

Only two refusals are recorded in a new book called *Nobel Lectures: Literature 1901-1967* (published by the Elsevier Publishing Company, 22 Rippleside Commercial Estate, Barking, Essex. £4 15s.). This large, boring compilation presents "for the first time in a complete English version all the presentation and acceptance speeches made in the field of literature during the sixty-seven year history of the Nobel Prize". The two refusals were by Pasternak (which hardly counts) and Sartre (which was not principally directed at the Nobel—though he took care to note the Swedish Academy's ideological bias—but at all such "official honours"); the sixty-five acceptances were by writers of—to put it mildly—varying distinction. The Academy's determination to appear geographically impartial, its often over-strenuous insistence that the prize-winners had made, as Alfred Nobel had decreed, some key contribution to the brotherhood of man, its caution during times of international strife: these aspects of the prize-giving process—together with more trivial sidelights, such as the frequency with which laureates expired shortly after being crowned—provide welcome diversion as one struggles through the dead sea of high-minded flattery and simpering gratitude that dominates the book. The acceptance speeches range from Winston Churchill's rather deferential nod of thanks to William Faulkner's steam-bath of Southern rhetoric. The prize for the most low-slung salaam is, in our view, shared by Knut Hamsun:

> What am I to do in the presence of such gracious, such overwhelming generosity? I no longer have my feet planted on the ground. I am walking on air, my head is spinning. It is not easy to be myself right now.

and (ironically) Thomas Mann:

> Ever since the Swedish Academy made public its decision, I have lived in festive intoxication, an enchanting topsy-turvy.

And for the most off-beat presentation tribute (addressed to W. B. Yeats):

> We have delighted in listening to the tales of the fairies and elves, with which you have made us acquainted.

* * *

Plans for next year's Dickens Centenary seem to be proceeding very briskly. There will be a Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey at which it is hoped that "a great concourse of people will gather" and a new film of *David Copperfield*, starring Laurence Olivier. Less glamorous tributes will include various Dickens Exhibitions, a Dickens Week in Portsmouth and Broadstairs, and a new guide by London Transport on The London of Dickens. At the British Museum there will be a display of original editions, autograph letters, drawings, &c., from the recently acquired J. F. Dexter Collection, and there will also be a large show of rare material at the Victoria and Albert. At the Royal Society of Arts there will be lectures by noted Dickensians, and *The Dickensian* itself will be issuing special numbers. Almost everything appears to have been, as Micawber wo... "provided for".

* * *

Meanwhile, back at the ranc... Lawrence also falls due fo... festivities in 1970, the fortie... versary of his death. Lo... actually died in Vence in th... of France but his ashes we... moved by Frieda Lawrence ... Mexico and buried on Lobo ... tain; there the topography h... modified to include the leg... the site is now the D. H. L... Ranch of the University o... Mexico. A recent edition ... *Taos News* outlines next yea... gramme: nothing too hors... ing dudes will be relieved ... just the orthodox confe... exhibits and films.

We are delighted to have just published Kathleen Raine's major work **Blake and Tradition**, the core of which formed the A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1962. In two volumes, with illustrations, it costs £9 10s the set. In 1905 we published what is probably the best small selection of Blake's poetry in existence, **The Poems of William Blake**, edited with an introductory essay and notes by W. B. Yeats. This has now been reprinted (21s) and on the same day we published a paperback edition of **Yeats the Playwright**, Peter Ure's admirable commentary on character and design in the major plays (12s). Returning to Kathleen Raine, she has edited, with George Mills Harper, **Thomas Taylor, the Platonist** (just published, 75s).

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

Nomads and settlers

...J. ARBERRY (General Editor): *The Cambridge History of Iran*. Volume ...: *The Land of Iran*. Edited by ...W. B. Fisher. 784pp. Volume 5: *The Saljuq and Mongol Periods*. Edited by J. A. Boyle. 763pp. Cambridge University Press. £3 15s. each.

...WAS ONCE pointed out to Cyrus ...hat of all the territories of his ...mpire the Persian homeland was ...least favoured by nature. The ...ians should therefore take advan... of their conquests and remove to ...ore hospitable land. Herodotus ... us that

> ...us did not think much of this sug...ion. . . "Soft countries", he said, ...ed soft men." The Persians had ...dmit that this was true and that ...s was wiser than they; so they ...him, and chose rather to live in ...ged land and rule, than to cultivate ...rich plains and be slaves.

...e ruggedness of Iran to which ...dotus refers makes an immedi... ...and lasting impression on even ...most casual traveller. South of ...Alburz mountains there is little ...he eye to rest on but desert and ...desert. Covering a total area ...e than six times the size of Great ...ain, some five-eighths of Iran is ...Lord Salisbury, speaking of the ...ra, described as "very light ...". And much of the remainder ...ly of very low-yield agricultural ...tial. Regular and marked cli...e changes from one season to ...her hold considerably less en...itment for the farmer than for the ...dweller or the foreign visitor. ...re is no Nile, no Euphrates to ...itate irrigation, and rainfall, ...re it exists, is either extremely ...gre or else catastrophic in its sud... violence. Harsh facts tell their ...a cruelly paradoxical tale. ...ughly one year in five, nearly a ...lion sheep and goats are lost ...ough drought, while annual flood ...mage is estimated at more than one ...ion dollars. The cost in human ...ering is unimaginable: only last ...mer Iran was devastated by yet ...ther earthquake in which more ...n ten thousand people lost their ...s and thousands more were made ...eless.

The Zagros near Kashan.

The first volume of *The Cambridge ...ory of Iran* provides a detailed ...alysis of this dauntingly hostile ...ural environment, and shows how ...has given rise to distinct modes of ...ught, behaviour and socio-econo...c organization. Part One, how...er, is severely factual and perhaps ...mes excessively specialist. More ...n sixty pages are devoted to a ...geographic analysis of the lizard ...a of Iran", which seems a little ...alanced when compared with the ...ceably smaller space later allot...to agriculture and land reform. ...o subjects of greater importance ...wider interest. In Parts Two and ...e a more interpretative approach ...llowed. What Professor Fisher ...concluding essay calls "the Per...ity of Iran" is seen in terms of ...herent response to particular ...ronmental conditions. Especially ...esting analyses of this response ...presented by Professor De ...nol on the geography of ...ment, Professor Bowen ...s on agriculture, and Professor ...erland, who examines from an ...opological standpoint the com... of interlocking relationships ...en the three main social group... of Iran: the nomads, the vil... and the urban-dwellers. In ...ontaining a unifying theme, the ...olume is likely to stand some... apart from the rest.

...theme, which might appear ... too predictable at first, ...s a new significance in the ... of contemporary change. ...an over-optimistic faith in ...Westernization sometimes un... ignores the persistent reali... environment. In the long ...of course, modern technology ...nable peoples to shape their ...nvironment rather than vice ... When this stage is reached, ...or Fisher's plurality of geo...ally definable cultures will ...ear. This is already evident ...decidedly un-Eastern appear... ...f such cities as Ankara and ... In order, however, that the ...transitional phase should be ...oth as possible, a clear understanding of the role of environment is essential.

The extent to which this is lacking often varies in direct proportion to the degree of political motivation. In the case of Iran, two examples spring immediately to mind. Both the sedentarization of the tribes and the redistribution of land were thought so politically desirable that no serious attempt was made to view either in an environmental context. The presence of nomadic tribes was rightly felt to be incompatible with the concept of a modern state, while private ownership of extensive areas of land placed undue political power in the hands of a few individuals, who were sometimes more concerned with the exploitation of their tenants than that of the land. What was forgotten was that both the nomadic pattern of seasonal migration and large-scale land-owning represent a "natural" response to the environment. Just as nomadism enables large organized communites to subsist on land of very poor quality, so too irrigation requirements coupled with low yields demand a heavy capital expenditure and the exploitation of land on a large scale. The point is not that sedentarization or land reform are wrong—quite the contrary; but their success depends on a proper appreciation of the "natural" factors that underlie existing social and economic structures. Early attempts at sedentarization were unsuccessful for precisely this reason. Similarly the experience of land reform has increasingly emphasized the need for supporting agencies and some larger organization to take over the original functions of the landlord.

Even where little or no political motivation is involved there is a tendency to ignore the limitations inherent in the environment. Though in so far as there exists a preconceived idea of what constitutes progress the political element is never entirely absent. Thus the combination of tractor and plough has somehow become symbolic of a modern approach to agriculture: it appears on airmail letters and in the film that accompanies the Iranian National Anthem. Yet, as Professor Bowen Jones points out,

> the main advantages of tractor tillage—the saving of time and effort—can, as in the case of neighbouring Turkey, encourage the expansion of cultivation without necessitating any improvement in ecological understanding.

On the use of the tractor-drawn mould-board plough, developed in a quite different climatic context, he writes that

> Inversion of the top-soil encourages oxidation of the slight humus content and presents a vulnerable surface to the erosive forces of wind and rain. Disc ploughing and other means of producing a fine tilth only exacerbate the situation.

> Agriculture continues to play a very important part in the Iranian economy and must benefit enormously from the application of new techniques; but much depends on a correct appraisal of environmental needs.

Underdeveloped countries are frequently criticized for attaching too little importance to agriculture. To the extent that they identify, often rightly, primary production with exploitation, there is some truth in this. Yet Professor Bowen-Jones is surely right in saying that advances in the agricultural sector must be in phase with advances in other sectors of the economy.

The medieval Muslim geographers remind us that Iranian agriculture was once organized on a much more commercial basis. That this ceased to be so was due to the general economic contraction and decline in urban life which resulted from the Turkish and Mongol invasions. Any changes in agriculture, involving commercialization and specialization, must therefore depend on an expansion of the economy as a whole and of urban markets in particular. Only a profitable consumer market can compel the farmer to abandon the methods and outlook of subsistence agriculture.

That such a market has come into being in recent years is symptomatic of profound changes in the wider socio-economic environment, some of which are outlined by Professor De Planhol and Professor Sunderland. When the environmental pattern alters, so too must the response; for these changes represent the impact of westernization as it creates a new socio-economic reality. The modern state, as Professor Sunderland remarks, is unable to tolerate the rival claims of the old collective groupings and actively promotes the emancipation of the individual. But the political requirements of the state are now complemented by natural environmental forces, since widening economic horizons inevitably foster the growth of an aggressive individualism at the expense of traditional collectivities. A more specific example is provided by Professor Sunderland's careful analysis of the Malthusian law which hitherto maintained a delicate equilibrium between nomad and villager. This is utterly upset by the present overwhelming advantages of the settled way of life. In this context sedentarization is no longer merely a governmental whim: it represents a natural response to new environmental factors.

All these changes are, of course, most evident in Tehran itself. A completely artificial city in terms of layout, it is appropriately situated with a sovereign disregard for even so elementary an environmental requisite as an adequate water supply. The population has grown rapidly in recent years and continues to do so, largely as a result of immigration from the countryside. Yet whatever kinship or other affiliations the new immigrants may seek to maintain in the capital, individualism remains the overriding expression of the city's personality. Professor Sunderland justly observes that the older Iranian way of life, based as it was on collective associations, involved at least a modicum of economic egalitarianism. This has no place in the highly individualist climate of Tehran, where a strictly economic segregation has replaced traditional urban groupings on religious and professional lines. For most Iranians, however, Tehran with all its glaring inequalities and its flamboyant vulgarity represents the realization of an ideal. Aside from the fantasy world of neo-Californian villas and Chatanooga night-clubs, the city stands for a new freedom and opportunity in all aspects of life as against the constrictions and limitations of the traditional environment.

Professor Fisher and his colleagues have produced a valuable and interesting study of the Iranian environment past and present, and its interaction upon the civilization as a whole. Yet this civilization is at least as much a creation of historical circumstances as of natural environmental factors. Nomadism is a rational response to the physical environment; but the presence of the nomads is a consequence of the Turkish and Mongol invasions. The same is true of the system of land-owning, which was largely shaped by political and economic developments in the medieval Muslim state. Again, Professor Fisher, like many others, notes that element of extremism, combined with a profound awareness of the impermanence of things, that has long been characteristic of Iranian life and literature. Such an outlook echoes not only the harsh and uncompromising natural environment, but also the course of Iran's political history and its uncommon vicissitudes.

Seen in this context the simultaneous appearance of the fifth volume of *The Cambridge History of Iran*, dealing with the Saljuq and Mongol periods, is altogether appropriate. The invasions of the Turkish and Mongol nomads have had a more profound effect on the pattern of Iranian social and political life than any other event since the Arab conquest. And the Saljuq period has an especial importance in that the institutions and attitudes then established remained substantially unaltered until the present century.

The relationship between the settled peoples of the Iranian plateau and the nomads of the Central Asian

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steppelands forms a dominant element in the Iranian historical experience. Its importance in pre-Islamic times may be gauged by the cosmic significance it assumed in the Zoroastrian religion, and more particularly in the strict dualism of the Manichees. Firdausi, who lived at a time of renewed pressure from the nomads, made it the central theme of his great national epic, the *Shāhnāma*, composed early in the eleventh century A.D.

The Arab conquests of the seventh and eighth centuries A.D. secured Central Asia from Turks and Chinese alike, and established the supremacy of the Perso-Islamic culture of the plateau as far as the Jaxartes river. For the next 300 years the nomads were contained, although never along a rigid frontier. There was considerable cultural and economic interchange, while the use of Turkish slave troops steadily increased the numerical and political importance of the Turks within the Muslim world itself. Towards the end of the tenth century, however, the Central Asian nomads entered a new expansionist phase. Pressure from the Qipchaq in their rear, the need for fresh pastures, and the lure of rich settled lands inadequately protected caused large numbers of Ghuzz Turks to move southwards into Transoxania and Khorasan. At Dandānqān in 1040 a branch of the Ghuzz under the leadership of the Saljuq family decisively defeated the armies of the Ghaznavid Sultan, and thereby unleashed a tidal wave of nomadic invasions that only finally subsided with the death of Tamerlane in 1405.

The consequences of these invasions were very far-reaching, and are here the subject of two excellent articles one a lucid chronological account of the complex political history of the Saljuq period by Professor Bosworth, and the other a close analysis by Professor Lambton of the practice and theory of government.

Although Turks had for long been present in the role of slave troops, they now arrived in such numbers as to upset the ethnic balance altogether. The Arabs receded further into the background, and a new ethnic dichotomy found expression in the phrase "Turk-o-Tāzī" which replaced "'Arab-o-'Ajam". The nomadic pastoralism of the newcomers inevitably altered the pattern of land utilization, while the ravages of war and consequent economic decline further encouraged the shift away from the settled life in favour of nomadism. Professor De Planhol in *The Land of Iran* explains how sometimes the nomadic way of life has been predominant in Iran, sometimes the settled. This alternating relationship he rightly regards as a key determining factor. The Saljuq and subsequent invasions greatly strengthened the nomadic element, and most of the large tribal groupings of today date from this period. At the same time the tribes represented a new discordant factor in a state modelled increasingly on older Iranian bureaucratic lines which favoured centralization and absolutism. The inevitable failure to integrate the two traditions led to the downfall of the Saljuqs and was to be a continual irritant in the body politic.

Before the Saljuq conquest Turks had periodically exploited their military role in order to seize power, the most notable example being that of the Ghaznavids. But this was the exception rather than the rule. Now, however, the pattern of government by a Turkish military aristocracy served by a Persian bureaucracy became the recognized norm and reflected the new ethnic dichotomy. The administration itself centred increasingly on the Iqtā' or land grant, a bureaucratic device called into being by what Professor Cahen has elsewhere referred to as "l'étendue globale des usurpations militaires". This militarization of the state, apparent from Buyid times, was even more marked under the Great Saljuqs and raised serious financial problems which the Iqtā' was designed to meet. As Professor Lambton has shown, the Iqtā' bore very little resemblance to the feudal fief of Western Europe. On the other hand it remained until quite recently the basis of the taxation and landowning systems of Iran.

From the ninth century onwards the break-up of the Caliphate, the only legitimate source of all authority, had thrown into question the whole moral basis of power. Despite the rationalizations of Māwardī and Al-Ghazālī this was never satisfactorily resolved and led increasingly to arbitrary despotism backed by a blatant Machiavellianism. The new

A street in Tehran

absolutism represented a conscious return to Sasanid practices. Power was exercised by the divinely-appointed ruler and rested on the twin cornerstones of justice and "right religion". The separation of the spiritual and temporal spheres conflicted with the theocratic ideal of Islam and revived the erastianism of the Sasanid state.

The absence of any effective sanctions meant that power became its own justification and was acceptable for no better reason than that it was preferable to anarchy. This naked theory of sovereignty was echoed centuries later by Atatürk when he stated that

> sovereignty is acquired by force and power and violence. It was by violence that the sons of Osman seized power, reigned over the Turkish nation and maintained their domination for six centuries.

The consequences of this crude approach to power are still felt today and partly explain the continued political instability of the Muslim world. All government came to be regarded as necessarily sinful, and this sense of alienation found expression in a rising tide of pessimism and mysticism. A rather less passive response was evoked in such extreme eschatological movements as the Isma'ilis which sought "to fill the world with justice and equity as it is now filled with tyranny and oppression". Similarly Ibn Khaldūn's "asabiyya" or social solidarity was expressed in regional or fraternal rather than national or even dynastic terms.

Few events in recorded history have left as deep an impression as the Mongol holocaust. As late as the present century in the churches of Central Europe the people still prayed that they might be spared from the destruction. Gibbon, who has an amusing footnote on how fear of the Mongols reduced the price of herrings in England, likened it to "the primitive convulsions of nature, which have agitated and altered the surface of the globe". And he went on to speak of "those events which, from their uncommon magnitude, will interest a philosophic mind in the history of blood".

To the contemporary Muslim world it represented a total catastrophe, and this view was generally accepted by subsequent commentators and historians. No subject was so well calculated to arouse the emotions, no epithet too harsh to condemn "these hateful hordes of barbarians". The twentieth century, however, has taught Europeans that there is no monopoly of barbarity and the Mongols, in consequence, have enjoyed a rather better press. Both viewpoints find a place in the present volume. Not surprisingly, perhaps, it is the Russian scholar Petrushevsky who maintains the traditional line. A dramatic fall in population, he argues, created serious labour shortages and a growing tendency to restrict the movement of peasants and tie them more closely to the land. Serious and prolonged economic recession was marked by a decline in urban life, a reduction of the cultivated area and the partial growth of a natural economy, and was further aggravated by despotic methods of government, in particular an arbitrary fiscal policy that was as oppressive as it was short-sighted. The condition of the poorer classes was made the more hopeless in that "in contrast to Western Europe . . .

the merchants did not ... great feudal landowners ... common cause with them ... the craftsmen, the lower c... the towns and the local p...

While there is no ignoring ... harm done by the Mongol c... Petrushevsky's picture is an ... sarily black one and requires modification. Given the n... of most Muslim historians ... doubtful whether Il-Khanid ... ment was significantly more ... or despotic than any other. ... more, incorporation within ... gol Empire must have brought economic compensation. As ... Muslim society, unlike that ... ern Europe, was always orientated with merchants ... owners forming a single c... question of conflicting interests arose.

However dramatic the events accompanied it, the Mongol conquest brought no fundamental ... with the past. The Abbasid ... "lost", according to Gibbon ... harem of seven hundred ... bines" was rolled up in a c... trampled to death. Yet ... were shed for Al-Musta'sim ... unceremonious dispatch was ... cally appropriate for an i... that had so long outlived its ... Otherwise the existing in... framework was left more ... intact.

Professor Boyle and P... Bausani stress those positive ... of Mongol rule that make ... one of seminal importance. The Mongols laid the foundation ... independent Iranian state ... lished by the Safavids. For ... time since the Arab conquest ... became a political as well as ... graphical reality. Furthermore ... Mongol interest in history ... encouragement of the Persian ... age as a vehicle for historical ... helped to revive and ... Persian national sentiment ... religious plane, the demise ... Caliphate and the ... sympathies of the Mongol I... coming at a time when ... mysticism was being in... permeated by Shi'ite ... weakened orthodox Sunni ... and paved the way "for the ... ance of confessional Shi'ite ... Safavid era".

But this is to anticipate the ... For the present, as Professor ... so rightly emphasizes, the ... tact with Chinese art and ... brought an immense cultural ... ment. And as an integral ... the vast Mongol Empire ... once again to the influences ... and West, Persia was once more ... to resume her role as the ... "Middle Kingdom".

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Angus and Robertson

To the Editor

American Studies

Sir,—Your review of my book *American Presidents and the Presidency* (July 31) regrets that it depends so much upon American materials and is written from a mainly American viewpoint. The review suggests that British Americanists ought now to "ask questions about America of which Americans themselves are unaware".

I prefer to think that the book is not entirely derivative. However, I am grateful to your reviewer for a serious discussion of a study devised more as a guide than as a pioneering monograph. His main point is what concerns me. I agree that British Americanists ought by this stage to be making some new contributions. In fact I am completing a book which will I hope meet some of his requirements. Some original efforts have already appeared—e.g., by Frank Thistlethwaite, J. R. Pole, Bernard Crick, and others. There are difficulties, though, which my book and your reviewer's reactions serve to illustrate:

(1) British Americanists find their main audience in the United States. They are signed up by American publishers (as I was, at the outset, for the Presidency book). No less than five of the thirteen essays of a forthcoming symposium on American historians (*Pastmasters*, edited by myself and Robin Winks of Yale) are by British scholars; and indeed the whole volume could have been produced by British contributors. Such attention is flattering: it may also be subtly restricting.

(2) There is still no first-rate American Studies library anywhere in Britain. Even secondary literature is patchily held. One must still go to the United States to find materials. But research fellowships, especially for the middle-aged, are hard to come by—far harder than for our American colleagues. In such circumstances scholarship is apt to be superficial, or else laboriously protracted. Able Americanists sometimes shift to other fields that are more easily manageable. Until we are better placed we cannot expect to have any decisive impact. The need is for a research centre in North Atlantic Studies (or some such title: it ought in any case to embrace Canada) at a British university, supported by a strong Anglo-American library collection. Some of the themes to which the centre might address itself are outlined in the book I am now finishing.

(3) The main emphasis should no doubt be "comparative". But American scholars are also moving in this direction (one of them is a colleague of mine at Sussex). There is a remarkable open-mindedness, for example, in several of the essays in *The Comparative Approach to American History* (1968), edited by C. Vann Woodward, a book that seems to have attracted few responses in this country. Realistically, we must expect that if there is to be the "breakthrough" your reviewer calls for, a considerable part of the work will be done by Americans. Though I may have missed novel European commentaries on the Presidency, I could find little that was not either sound but "American" in outlook, or merely eccentric. The sharpest analyses of the presidential office known to me have been written by Americans. A research centre of the kind I envisage would benefit greatly from a regular flow of visiting Americans. In common with your reviewer, I believe that they too could benefit from exposure to a British context. It will be a pity if we miss the opportunity.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE.

University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton, Sussex.

Lyrics of Survival

Sir,—May I associate myself with the informed and accurate criticism of Tania Litvinova (August 7) on the deplorable review (July 10) of Anna Akhmatova's *Selected Poems* as translated and introduced by Richard McKane? I share her sense of shock that such an atrocity should have appeared on your distinguished pages.

Any reviewer so ignorant of Madame Akhmatova's role in Russia as not to catch the equally egregious error of Richard McKane in promoting her to the post of "President of the Union of Soviet Writers" is hardly to ... to make a critical judgment ... self, I would say that Mr. M... error in this respect is enough ... qualify him in the first instance ... the work of translation which he took.

This is bad enough, but your ... was capable of even worse. He ... a supercilious slur upon the ... and sensitive Andrei Sinyavsky ... on to offer a judgment of his ... only one, in reality, which ... upon one of Akhmatova's ... poems, "The Grey-Eyed King" ... appeared in 1910. Apparently ... cipal objection is that Vertinsky ... verse to music and sang it ... toire for several decades. I ... familiar with Vertinsky and ... with Akhmatova's rhythm ... have called it "jum-tee-tee, ... tee". I wonder just which ... language poetesses your ... would suggest are the equals ... superiors of Anna Akhmatova.

The reviewer's quaint ... Mandelshtam is a "Jewish ... ther supports the opinion of ... reader that he is hardly ... render such judgments.

HARRISON E. SALISBURY.

The New York Times, ...
New York, N.Y. 10036, U.S.A.

Poland

Sir,—With the best will in the ... I do not think an unbiased ... my *Poland, Eagle in the* ... think your reviewer's ... fied (July 17) ...

I described in ... mation of PAX ... ts to be a bridge between Church ... ate. I categorized its leaders, men ... asecki, Reiff and Przetakiewicz, ... and anti-Semites, and stated ... ly that they are generally ostra... ut also that not a single member ... Church hierarchy supports them. ... ur reviewer, quoting one phrase ... context, would have me believ... to be the wave of the future. ... a chapter on the student revolt ... naming names, explaining in ... causes and its profound effects. ... viewer says I treat it as a mere ... But I was there. I saw with my ... es just how important it was ... part of the reason for it lay ... that an old and sterile leader... lost rapport with a young and ... gly well educated nation.

... ys I deny the Party is anti-Semi... I was at some pains to explain ... ory of the Polish-Jewish rela... and the tortuous Party dialec... led to a purge not only of some ... also of some Party members. ... ory of the past thirty years has ... sensitive, not so much to in... particularly to injustice per... on Jews.

... reviewer is obviously entitled to ... ions, no matter how mistaken ... y be. But if he prints his opin... august a journal as yours, he ... misquote me and by a kind ... pleading impute to me ideas ... hold.

WILLIAM WOODS.

... Vicarage, Glasbury-on-Wye, ...

... reviewer writes:—I would like ... the two key passages from ... book on Pax. On page ... writes:

> ... PAX that the best hope ought ... for eventual peace with the ... forces. For while PAX ... the rational inevitability of ... they want to broaden and ... it, to introduce a certain ... into Socialist thinking.

... 207 he writes:

> ... single one (so far as I have ... to find out) of the Polish ... supports them. So that in ... of the fact that to all intents ... purposes PAX stands on the ... of the future, the old stubborn ... Wyszynski, is still very ... the head of the Church in ...

... course, agree that in his book ... has described the unsav... fascist past of Piasecki and ... Pax's leaders.

... no comment to make on the ... points that Mr. Woods makes ... on the events of 1968 and ... anti-Jewish moves in Poland ... Six Days War, except to em... once more that I disagree with ... on these subjects.

Literature and the Open University

... discussion in your columns ... Open University provokes ques... fundamental importance, one ... seems to me to be in urgent ... answers, and incidentally to be ... interest to readers of *TLS*. ... problem, which was lightly ... upon by Professor John Ferguson ... his original article (July 17) ... referred to by Miss Mar... (July 31), may be compre... posed in some such terms as ... ought there not to be some relationship between the vari... of education—the schools and ... sities—and between educa... our total culture? The form... implies that such coher... ships do not at present exist, ... orate and clarify this point?

... Ferguson, in his somewhat ... apologia for the "mass ... University, emphasized the in... integrate various studies in ... faculty. As he rather curiously ... the Open University "was ... upon an integrated concept of ... If this means, as I take it ... that studies at undergraduate ... graduate levels are often too ... leading not infrequently to ... on trivialities, I hope ... many people who share the ... this is only the beginning of ... difficult problem that no ... enthusiasm or excitement ... One is reminded of the "two ... debate of a few years ago, ... also conducted—by some ...—in an alarmingly super...

... sions that if the study of literature is to be more than ... luxury it must be seen to be ... the total culture ("culture" ... anthropologists' sense). Now the ... difficulty is that the individual ... is brief and harassed, and ... can be bought only at the ... range. To make any progress ... is compelled to specialize to some extent: but is there not a point beyond which specialization becomes as fatuous as dilettantism? I think there is; and I think the point is frequently passed in English studies. But the reverse is also true. Enthusiasts of "open-ended" voyages of intellectual discovery, who are at present influential in the sphere of secondary education, seem to take too little account of the dangers of superficiality, of which, incidentally, Henry Sweet warned his readers seventy years ago in *The Practical Study of Languages* (reprinted in 1964 by Oxford University Press).

Unless I am totally mistaken, there is at present an irreconcilable contradiction between the fashionable trends in secondary education and some fashionable trends at the tertiary level. The teaching of English, which is my special concern, provides an illustration. Recent studies in linguistics—studies which have proliferated in the past twenty years—have become increasingly specialized and narrow in English, American, French and Italian universities (to name only those of which I have positive knowledge). In particular, there has been an immense amount of highly specialized work in the fields of phonetics and phonology.

Meanwhile, it is probably true to say that in the teaching of English phonetics is totally neglected in all but a tiny minority of secondary schools. At the same time, the science of semantics, which is possibly an even more important "branch" of linguistics, is, relative to phonological studies, given less than its due attention in the universities and virtually none in the schools.

I hope many of your readers would agree that the study of language is arid and perhaps frivolous if it is not related to the study of literature. Yet any connexion there may be between "information theory" and the metaphysical poets is so tenuous as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Now to come back to the Open University: the very proposal to use the "mass media" for this purpose strikes at the core of the problem. At present there is little to give one confidence that it will do anything more than further confound the reigning chaos of English education. It *might* stimulate valuable doubts and discussions in the existing universities and perhaps, even, provoke reflection on the implications of the name by which we know these institutions. It *might*, that is to say, cause us to ask whether it is any longer possible to educate a "whole man", either in our schools or in our universities. And this, of course, raises questions about the health of our civilization, which it is not necessary to enumerate.

But what the Open University seems at present unlikely to achieve is the development in its students of scholarly standards. It may be true, as John Ferguson says, that "the sound is the life of literature", but many of us who have heard some of the harsh *obiter dicta* emanating from quasi-learned discussions on radio and television may be forgiven for clinging to the outmoded notion that literacy (which involves the reading of books) is one of the criteria of civilization.

ERROLL DE BURGH WILMOT.

17 Cannon Place, London, N.W.3.

The Humanities Research Center

Sir,—The critics having said their say, friends of the Humanities Research Center at Austin, Texas, will still be grateful for Mr. John Lehmann's personal report in your issue of July 10. Over the past ten or fifteen years the aggressive acquisitions policies of the University of Texas have been widely disapproved; sometimes, as Mr. Lehmann observes, from motives of jealousy and frustration, sometimes (by librarians on the eastern seaboard of the United States in particular) on the alleged grounds that nobody in Texas can read, sometimes for ruthlessly muscling in on other libraries' declared specialities, sometimes for indiscriminate bulldozing. And efforts (my own among them) to persuade Chancellor Harry H. Ransom, the dynamo behind this surging development in the south-west, to expound its motives and objectives to the world have hitherto been unavailing.

You, Sir, have from time to time taken respectful notice of the Center's activities. For example, the two exhibitions mentioned by Mr. Lehmann were both reported in *TLS*; "A Creative Century" on April 15, 1965, and "British Heritage" on February 29, 1968; of the former your contributor concluded that "the ranks of Tuscany (and vis-à-vis Texas they are numerous) may yet forbear to cheer, but they can hardly fail to be impressed". To some of them perhaps Mr. Lehmann's spectacles may seem to be rose-tinted (are not his own papers enshrined in the Center?); but he has been there to see for himself, and the impressions of a practising man of letters are not to be dismissed as mere euphoria.

Mr. Warren Roberts (July 31) and Professor Cline (August 7) have put Austin's case with moderation. They do not, and perhaps cannot, rebut Mr. Stallybrass's suggestion (August 14) that the Texas steer has over the past decade devoured, with its eyes on A.D. 2000, more fodder than its 1969 end can fully cope with. To Mr. Simon Nowell-Smith's dismissal (July 31) of Professor Brogan's intervention might be added the suggestion that at least he should try to get his facts right: "the first of the Sherlock Holmes stories" was not, as he told your readers on July 24, "A Scandal in Bohemia" (*Strand Magazine*, 1891); it was "A Study in Scarlet", published in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887.

In his concluding generalizations on the export of manuscripts (referred to in the same issue under the heading "Westward ho!"), Mr. Lehmann permitted himself one familiar exaggeration: that British institutional libraries were all fast asleep to the need for finding funds to preserve domestic archives on this side of the "ocean "until Texas awoke them". Harvard? Yale? Cornell? Buffalo? the New York Public? Illinois? Indiana? California? It would be nearer the mark to say that, already well awake, the strong-arm methods of Texas have driven them into the street calling for the fire brigade—which in one case, the Cuxton Ovid manuscript, had to come all the way from Ann Arbor, Michigan.

JOHN CARTER.

Dorsoduro 22, Venice.

Sir,—I have one slight contribution to make in addition to Sir Denis Brogan's contribution to the discussion about the policy of the University of Texas with regard to its manuscript collection.

Conan Doyle's handwriting was remarkably clear, and the title of the manuscript on exhibit was and is inescapably "A Scandal *of* Bohemia". With what I consider all proper modesty, we felt it only appropriate to leave the title as Conan Doyle wrote it on this particular manuscript

In this case innocence is obviously not enough, and we shall take care in the future to explain the obvious. Had Mr. Oliver Stallybrass (July 17) been in our position I am sure he would have been astounded by the fact that Sir Denis Brogan did not have ready access to Mr. Paul Trench's valuable *published* comment on page 36 of *The San Antonio Light* for October 6, 1966, which explains the whole matter.

F. W. ROBERTS.

Director, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, Austin, Texas 78712, U.S.A.

Vivian Grey and Dorian Gray

Sir,—The discovery made by Mr. Charles C. Nickerson (August 14) that *Vivian Grey* provided Oscar Wilde with inspiration for *The Picture of Dorian Gray* comes somewhat late, for two months after the appearance of Wilde's first version of *Dorian Gray* in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, July, 1890, Julian Hawthorne, son of the novelist, wrote a favourable review, which also appeared in *Lippincott's*, in which he referred to the echoes from Disraeli's novel.

KARL BECKSON.

Department of English, Brooklyn College, The City University of New York, U.S.A.

Sir,—Amongst the sources for the portrait of Dorian Gray, Mr. Nickerson (August 14) has neglected your own columns, wherein you very kindly printed a letter from me on June 13, 1968, suggesting that the story may have sprung from the anecdote of the aging of a portrait of Sir Thomas Blacket by Sir Joshua Reynolds, recounted by Ralph Nevill. I asked at the time whether this was known to Wilde scholars; the answer, a year later, is apparently "No"!

D. C. ROSE.

87 Avenue Road, London, N.W.8.

Japanese Novels

Sir,—The last paragraph in your Commentary (August 7) about Japanese literature and the difficulties in the way of its appearing in English is slightly off the mark. The last sentence reads "Would Kawabata have appeared in England, for example, if he had not won the Nobel Prize?" The answer is not only that he would but that he did. My firm published in the 1950s two novels by Kawabata, *Snow Country* and *Thousand Cranes*. These novels were quite well reviewed in a limited number of papers and sold about the same number of copies as the number of cranes in the title of the second one. They then went out of print. When Kawabata won the Nobel Prize last year, we investigated the possibility of reprinting them and decided, I am afraid correctly, that a reprint would not have been commercially viable.

On the whole this sad story seems to bear out the gist of your remarks in Commentary, though there is this to be said on the other side. My firm alone has published novels by Tanizaki, Mishima, Osaragi, Nosaka, Abe and Shohei Ooka, as well as Kawabata. Apart from these, a few other Japanese writers have been published by other publishers. So far as the novels published by ourselves are concerned, their sales have been barely sufficient to cover the cost of publication. A few of them have been sold to paperback houses, but all in all the commercial basis for publishing Japanese novels in this country is flimsy. Yet this literature, virtually unknown here before we started publishing in association with Knopf in America, is one of the most original and worthwhile in the world today and, of course, unknown previously in this country.

The Japanese philosophy of life is very different to that of Western writers. To make briefly only two points, their attitude to death and their attitude to love are quite alien to the Western world. Love is regarded as dangerous and completely undesirable. Men should avoid at all costs loving women, though the love of women for men does not seem to matter so much provided the man does not respond to it. It is sad to know how provincial in this respect the English reading public appears to be. It would appear that the average English reader of novels will not undertake the task, to me personally an extremely enjoyable one, of reading literature that is so invigorating if only because of its enormous difference in attitude to Western literature. However, we shall continue to publish Japanese novels and, if I may advertise, shall publish next spring a brilliant one by Yukio Mishima, *Thirst for Love*, which exemplifies in an extremely clear form the points I have made above.

FREDRIC WARBURG.

Secker and Warburg Ltd., 14 Carlisle Street, London, W.1.

"The Golden Door"

Sir,—Was Samuel H. Monk's interesting misquotation (August 14) of Johnson's *The Vanity of Human Wishes*—"statues" for "statutes"—a case of association of ideas? The imagery of Johnson's line—

> When Statutes glean the Refuse of the Sword

—is of course from reaping a cornfield. What the scythe refuses the bill-hook gleans; and those who escaped the sword (in the '45) were caught by the country's laws and executed in London. There is no pejorative implication whatsoever in the word "refuse" in pre-nineteenth-century usage.

F. F. ADAMS.

12 Bridgford Street, London, S.W.18.

"The Cornish in America"

Sir,—Dr. A. L. Rowse rebukes your reviewer (August 7) for "missing the one mistake that matters to a scrupulous scholar".

Without wishing to lay claims to scrupulousness or scholarship, I want to warn my fellow Cornishmen against placing too much faith in Dr. Rowse's explanations of their surnames. For example, Dr. Rowse derives Trehane as "homestead of John", ignoring for no obvious reason the more likely Summerton, from the Cornish word *han* meaning summer. My favourite follows a send-up of a famous Cornish footballer for his ignorance about his own name. Dr. Rowse proceeds to enlighten him: "Trebilcock, homestead and personal name? Bill Cock."

In all the talk about pioneering a new field of American studies, I am sorry, that no mention has been made of Dr. A. C. Todd's excellent book, *The Cornish Miner in America*, published in 1967.

R. A. JOHNSON.

7 High Street, Wickwar, Gloucestershire.

Facsimiles for the Few

Sir,—Your reviewer of Tobias Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy* (July 24) laments the fact that although the volume has been reprinted it is still unavailable to the reader of modest means. A new edition of the *Travels*, with an introduction and notes by Robert E. Kelley, is now in preparation as part of the "Bicentennial Edition of the Works of Tobias Smollett" to be published by the University of Iowa Center for Textual Studies. This project, which will include critical editions of all of the novels and poems and plays, is under the general editorship of George S. Rousseau. There are plans to make a number of the texts available in paper covers.

O. M. BRACK, Jr.

Center for Textual Studies, School of Letters, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, U.S.A.

C&W

CHATTO & WINDUS
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Ralph Nevill
London Clubs
Their History and Treasures 42s
(reissue)

Lytton Strachey
Queen Victoria 25s
(reissue)

Not honoured

CHARLES CHASSÉ: *The Nabis and their Period*. Translated by Michael Bullock. 136pp. Lund Humphries. £3 10s.

Fourteen years ago the Musée de l'Art Moderne in Paris held an exhibition of "Bonnard, Vuillard et les Nabis (1888-1903)" which was unforgettably interesting and impressive. From it, and from a small book on the Nabis by its principal organizer, Madame Agnès Humbert, a picture emerged of a gifted and highly civilized (i.e., comfortably off) group of friends whose apparently severe moderation was prevented from turning into mediocrity by the combination of certain new approaches with flashes of wit, genius and at times spirituality. The new approaches came from the artists' intimacy with men of the theatre like Lugné-Poë and editors like Natanson of the *Revue Blanche* also perhaps from the ideas of William Morris, which were then penetrating into France and possibly helped to turn their talents into other channels besides easel painting. The flashes of wit could be seen in the prints of H. G. Ibels and the very funny early paintings of Vallotton: the genius not only in Bonnard but in Vuillard's startling proto-Fauve paintings of about 1890, flat in form and brilliant in colour; the spirituality above all in some fine early (secular) pictures by Maurice Denis. There was a notable Hungarian, Jozsef Rippl-Ronai, whose work deserves revival, and a marvellous sculptor apparently of very small output, Georges Lacombe. (The one major work of his in a public collection is in the museum at Lille.)

A book in English on these long underrated artists ought to be very welcome. Unfortunately the one which Lund Humphries have picked to publish in translation is hardly about the Nabis at all; indeed if it were not for the excellent illustrations no reader would realize that any Nabi apart from Sérusier and perhaps Maurice Denis was worth bothering about. Instead, what the author has done, in a rambling and ill-organized way, is to devote most of his attention to two rather different movements, which related to the Nabis via those two artists.

Because Sérusier was the link with Gauguin (and also perhaps because the author knew him) the book concentrates at one end on Gauguin's various followers at Pont-Aven and Le Pouldu, of whom only Sérusier and Emile Bernard were of much significance for the Nabis, together with certain alleged "forerunners" such as Gustave Moreau, Carrière and Puvis de Chavannes, of whom only the last deserves that name. At the other end he spends the last quarter of the book discussing Father Desiderius Lenz (a pupil of Cornelius who died in 1928 aged ninety-five) and the Beuron school of religious painting, whose best-known achievement was the frescoes in Monte Cassino, where the Dutch ex-Nabi Dom Willibrod Verkade had a directing role.

The bulk of the Nabis, with their closest associates, are sandwiched thinly in the middle. There is nothing about Rippl-Ronai, and nothing about Cottet and Maillol, who were both associated with the group. Ibels gets a passing mention in a quote from Denis, Mogens Ballin one as "the Jew Ballin".

Lacombe is facetiously brushed off in a few lines; luckily there are two plates of his sculptures. Vallotton is described as a "Swiss engraver" who "was not a Nabi", though the (rather less eccentric) biographical notes at the end give his title in the circle as "le Nabi étranger". Vuillard is skimped, with no special reference to his 1890-ish paintings, and nothing to indicate that he made a drastic turn towards comparative orthodoxy after 1900, where Bonnard did not. Roussel fares no better. Ranson, whose home served as the Nabis' "temple" and who comes closest to Art Nouveau in his work, gets a few lines only. The *Revue Blanche* is described, quite unrecognizably, as "essentially a theatrical magazine". Even Denis, though he is much more favourably treated than most of the others, is presented in a static and undifferentiated way, so that nobody who knew his later religious paintings would ever imagine that he had done line work in the 1890s.

Rather than publish this entirely unsatisfactory account, the publishers should have done one of two things—or why not both? M. Chassé has already written two books on Gauguin and his followers, but the subject which interests him freshly seems to be the Beuron school and the development of religious art. Not much is generally known about this, and what he has to say is of great interest, however marginal it may be to the Nabis. As it stands it is far from conclusive: first because M. Chassé does not relate the Beuron doctrines at all precisely to Denis's ideas on the subject, let alone to those of other important religious artists such as Rouault and Georges Desvallières; and secondly because whoever selected the illustrations has ignored this chapter in favour of the proper subject of the book; there is no reproduction of any Beuron work. There is also a lot more research to do: Verkade, for instance, became a good friend of Jawlensky's in Munich, and they understood each other well, but did he ever meet Kandinsky, whose theosophical leanings he would certainly have sympathized with? One way and another there could be enough to make a book, and it is the book which M. Chassé should have been encouraged to write in preference to this one.

As for the book on the Nabis, the right volume to translate was Madame Humbert's *Les Nabis et leur époque*. Mr. Bullock (or the publishers?) made a good start by translating its title. It is a pity that they then switched to M. Chassé's text.

Negative-positive Talbot

WILLIAM H. FOX TALBOT: *The Pencil of Nature*. New York: Da Capo Press. $35.

Fox Talbot's historic work, printed and bound in Japan, is here reproduced in perfect facsimile. It was first published in London between 1844 and 1846 in six paper-covered instalments limited in number. Only twenty-four sets are known to have survived, eleven of them incomplete. The work is therefore extremely rare. Mr. Beaumont Newhall, Director of the George Eastman House and well-known as a photographic historian, was largely responsible for its re-issue and he provides an informative introduction to it.

Although Niépce and Daguerre are often given more credit for the invention of photography, Talbot alone invented the negative-positive process in his Calotype, or Photogenic Drawing, from which all modern techniques have developed. The Heliograph and the Daguerreotype were single objects, not capable of reproduction, whereas the Calotype could be used to make an infinite number of prints, a characteristic which we now regard as being the essence of photography.

The Pencil of Nature is, indeed, the first book to be illustrated with photographic prints and it represents the first mass production of photographs. Though printed from paper negatives, these twenty-four prints are of remarkable technical excellence, and some of them—"The Haystack", "The Open Door", "A Scene in a Library", "A Fruit Piece"—reveal the aesthetic sensibility of a cultivated taste.

The book was a success, but some people doubted that the illustrations were true photographs. To allay such suspicions, their progenitor inserted a "Notice to the Reader" into some copies of the publication:

> The plates of the present work are impressed by the agency of Light alone, without any aid whatever from the artist's pencil. They are sun-pictures themselves, and not, as some persons have imagined, engravings in imitation.

Apart from the innovation of its plates, the work is of great historical interest in its text, wherein Talbot tells how he came to invent his process and explains, with the aid of the plates, its possible scope and possibilities. He even forecasts photography by invisible radiation.

Although more costly than the price of the original version, which was sold complete for three guineas, this reproduction was well worth doing for, as Mr. Newhall points out, the importance of the work in the history of photography is comparable to that of the Gutenberg Bible in printing.

The wit of Max
MORE THEATRES
90s
Max Beerbohm succeeded Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review*. Sir Rupert Hart-Davis has made a further selection from Beerbohm's reviews between 1898-1903
Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd Granada Publishing

Claude catalogue

MARCEL ROETHLISBERGER: *Claude Lorrain: The Drawings*. Vol. I: Catalog. 477pp. Vol. II: 1,244 plates. University of California Press (I.B.E.G.). £47 10s. the set.

Following on his catalogue of Claude's paintings, which quickly established itself as the standard work, and heralded by a number of cogently argued articles in various journals, Professor Roethlisberger has now completed a full catalogue of the drawings—a work that will stand as a worthy companion beside the earlier volumes, and will, indeed, often have to be consulted in conjunction with them.

Claude's drawings have long been admired for their inherent poetry, compositional skill and technical assurance and during (the astonishing "View from Monte Mario" (No. 356) looks forward, with its "blotting" technique, as far as Alexander Cozens). They have been collected during nearly four centuries, and nowhere more eagerly than in this country, which still holds the lion's share of them. Yet it is true to say that only since Professor Roethlisberger published his investigations during the past few years (and it would be unjust not to mention Michael Kitson's contributions in this field) has it been possible to gain an inkling of the true extent of the drawn oeuvre, and to appreciate the myriads of nuances that are contained in it. The notion of Claude the purveyor of idealized landscapes, into which staffage figures were inserted by other artists, has now been exploded, not least by the discovery of a whole album of animal drawings, and the figure and composition studies are also at last given their due. For the latter Professor Roethlisberger rightly points to the debt that Claude owed to the example of Raphael and his school, especially to Giulio Romano (there is even a direct copy of a Polidoro fresco). And it might be added that Claude's way of drawing figures, especially the shorthand of the facial types, would seem to presuppose a knowledge of Peruzzi's pen drawings, still apparent as late as 1672 ("The Origin of Coral", in the British Museum).

In concise, sensible, as well as highly sensitive, comments, Professor Roethlisberger has for the first time established a chronology and a canon of authenticity for Claude's 1,100 drawings that will surely stand the test of time. Catalogue entries are seldom the best vehicle in which to elaborate on one's reactions to an artist's work, yet, in spite of the careful minutiae that are the necessities of such exercises, there is never a suspicion that the author has lost sight of the broader issues, or that he has achieved his task by mere shuffling of so many photographs. A deep involvement in the creative processes of his artist and a ready response to the aesthetic qualities of the sheets under discussion are evident on every page of this work, and make its perusal endlessly stimulating and far from "dry" as the author feared.

That in Claude's oeuvre the drawings and paintings were closely related, as with few other artists, had been vaguely surmised before, but only now that we have a full and carefully compiled catalogue can it be seen how very true this is. This applies not merely to the many carefully planned and executed preliminary studies for the paintings, but it also emerges from Professor Roethlisberger's convincing grouping and dating that Claude was preoccupied, over shorter or longer periods of time, with specific themes: narrative (usually from Ovid), a locality (almost invariably Rome and its environs), or again and again the magnificent sprawling trees, probably his most poetic and individual drawings.

The compositions and the dates of the greatest of the paintings had of course been recorded in the sequence established in the famous *Liber Veritatis*. But this work was known to most students only through Earlom's etched reproductions, and it is one of the special virtues of this catalogue that it see[…] *Veritatis* more than a[…] inventory of Claude's […] but restores to it the […] not enjoyed since Bald[…] nized it as the climax […] achievement as a draugh[…] that the *Liber Verita*[…] interspersed with Chr[…] drawings in this catalog[…] only shine forth in the […] their execution and bea[…] but add force to the v[…] which it would other[…] lacked.

In the introduction […] Roethlisberger not only […] various groups and facets […] drawings but also goes […] tion of the influences […] Claude's style as a draugh[…] impact of Tassi, his mo[…] teacher, is the most diffic[…] for not only are there […] ings that can be confid[…] ted to him, but no […] Claude's earliest begi[…] draughtsman seem to […] which could have acted […] stick. The influence of B[…] which much has been […] past, can have been o[…] not so much by the know[…] ginal works but through […] aries like Poelenburgh, [...] also transmitted what p[…] the most vital impact o[…] Breenbergh, so powerfu[…] particularly in the pa[…] drawings of the hill-cou[…] Rome. There is a bril[…] of the complex interac[…] Swanevelt and Claude […] 1630s, and finally the r[…] emphasized relationsh[…] Claude and Poussin is […] spective.

The reproductions ar[…] clear, though it would […] beyond the scope of su[…] to aim at facsimile st[…] yet on occasion the re[…] unable to follow the a[…] arguments about a p[…] because the reproduct[…] yield the finer differenti[…] brush or crayon on w[…] cussion revolves. This is […] serious in the case of th[…] which Professor Roeth[…] jects—including such […] examples as the famou[…] under water" (Christ (…) being by definite ass[…] named imitators. In the[…] subtle nuances may su[…] bution but they cannot […] from the reproduction[…] more it is in this twilig[…] the author admits to fin[…] difficult to communicate […] precisely and persuasive[…] comparative illustratio[…] are often not adequate […] unconvinced. So far as A[…] his pupil and closest follo[…] cerned, we can recogni[…] larity of "motif and type" […] but when it comes to s[…] the single example amo[…] trations is no help. For t[…] mysterious draughtsman […] on blue paper, one will […] consult Professor Roe[…] two articles in *Master D*[…] order to form one's own […]

As well as an excelle[…] full bibliography and a […] of major collectors and […] tions of Claude's drawing[…] even some newly disco[…] mation about the artist's […] 1113). This magisterial wo[…] with the catalogue of the […] and, for example, Micha[…] penetrating and stimul[…] Charlton Lecture, enable[…] that we can now see "th[…] of the landscape" wh[…]

Claude Lorrain: Sch[…] *ings* (13pp. 74 plates. P[…] State University Press […] University Publishers Co[…] an American edition o[…] Chiarini's *Claude* […] *Disegni*, which was revi[…] *TLS* on June 12. The te[…] meticulously translated […] editor's wife, Frances […] Chiarini, and the plates […] as in the Italian edition.

[M]oderate, radical and optimistic

[SEYMO]UR MARTIN LIPSET: *Revolution and Counterrevolution*. […]pp. Heinemann Educational.

[Seymou]r Martin Lipset is one of the [at]tractively lucid writers among [contem]porary political sociologists. [This ve]ry fact, oddly enough, has [alw]ays served to enhance his [reputat]ion in a profession where [attracti]veness is all too often equated [with p]opularity-seeking and lucidity [with su]perficiality. The extraordin[ary brea]dth of his interests has also [occasion]ally attracted adverse com[ment fr]om those for whom narrow [specializ]ation and scholarship are [equivalen]t terms. Neither kind of [critic wi]ll be mollified by *Revolu[tion an]d Counterrevolution*, but [those] who value an alliance be[tween wi]de learning, human under[standing] and liberal beliefs will find [much deli]ght.

[Thou]gh these essays cover a [wide v]ariety of subjects, they are [united] by the common Weberian [themes] of Class, Status and Power, [on wh]ich they play variations [which] are sometimes of posi[tively] virtuoso quality. The [reader] who has no more than [an ele]mentary sociological know[ledge at] his disposal should probably [begin wi]th the fourth essay, entitled "[…]s in Social Class Analysis", [which o]ffers a most valuable insight into the alternative ways in which sociologists have approached the questions with which Professor Lipset is concerned. Originally contributed to the *International Encyclopedia of Social Sciences*, it could hardly be bettered as an introductory survey.

Methodologically, Professor Lipset is an eclectic. Interested more in substantive problems of contemporary importance than in methodological questions as such, he is prepared to use whatever tools lie conveniently to hand, and has little use for "overarching" theory. His major strength is in comparative studies, and here he is prepared to use historical evidence with a vigour and freedom which shock some of his more survey-bound colleagues but which give his work a depth which theirs conspicuously lacks. In the first essay, "History and Sociology: some Methodological Considerations", he presents a most convincing justification of "the renewed interest in historical and comparative sociology" to which he himself has so significantly contributed.

In the last part of this collection, entitled "Continuities in Scholarship", these interests lead him to undertake a re-evaluation of "three pioneers of comparative analysis", Harriet Martineau, Moisei Ostrogorski and Robert Michels. All three, and particularly the first two, anticipate in a remarkable way many of the findings of the latest most sophisticated computer-based political analysis. Ostrogorski in particular is revealed as outstandingly "modern", and Professor Lipset pertinently asks why none of the major American voting studies "even refers to his analysis" of psephological behaviour. It is indeed remarkable that there should have been such neglect of a scholar who, as long ago as 1902, could write thus about the activities of political parties at election-time:

> In reality all the tumpus of parades and processions wins but few votes for the party, but it keeps up "enthusiasm" in the camp and awakens the apathetic, rouses them out of their indifference, forces them to fix their eyes on the cause of the party embodied in the performers.

A cynic has said that the easiest way to be "original" in the social sciences is to look up and then reproduce in currently fashionable language what people were writing some twenty-five years ago about the topic of one's choice. Professor Lipset's brilliant essay on Ostrogorski suggests that fifty years might be a more useful period! He, at least, has no hesitation in admitting his debt to such comparatively distant predecessors.

If Professor Lipset is to be criticized, it must be for an excessive smoothness and for what most observers of the contemporary scene would consider over-optimism. Admittedly, he is worried, like everyone else, about the political paths that some of the underdeveloped countries are taking (see "Political Changes in 'Developed' and 'Emerging' Polities", and "Values and Entrepreneurship in the Americas") but he contemplates the scene in both the United States and Europe with an unwonted cheerfulness. For him, the current American "backlash" is no more than a temporary phenomenon, representing the last fling of social groups doomed by the historical process to political impotence. As for Europe, he foresees, not the end of ideology, but the emergence of a new ideology of a kind of which he clearly approves—one that involves a

> commitment to the politics of pragmatism, to the rules of the game of collective bargaining, to gradual change whether in the direction favoured by the left or the right, to opposition both to an all-powerful central state or to *laissez-faire*.

At the end of his essay on Harriet Martineau, he gives more overt expression to the moderate radical optimism which seems to constitute the essence of his political faith. Hazarding the guess that, could she revisit America today, Harriet would be "as optimistic as ever", he suggests that

> she would see in the continuing strength of the American Creed, in the reforms attained since her death, evidence that America still offered hope to the world, provided there remained a resolute group of radicals willing to risk antagonising public opinion in order to fight for more pervasive equality, thus bringing ever-increasing harmony between America's values and its reality.

Few reflections about nuclear war, the poisoning of the environment, the "dehumanization" of social life, and the use of violence as a political weapon, are allowed to disturb these slightly complacent predictions of a pluralistic peace in which conflicts are successfully contained within a democratic framework recognized as legitimate by all but relatively insignificant minorities. But one has to recognize that it is at least *possible*, despite all appearances to the contrary, that Professor Lipset has history on his side: at the very least, it is a refreshing change to see cheerfulness so persistently breaking through.

[T]he feeble tyrant

[ELIZAB]ETH WISKEMANN: *Fascism [in] Italy: Its Development and [Influ]ence*. 141pp. Macmillan. (Paperback 15s.)

[Miss W]iskemann has been either very [clever or] very lucky—her excellent [bo]ok has been published at a [time w]hen political conditions in Italy [resemble, s]trikingly, if only superficially, [those] to those that brought fascism [to pow]er. Now, as then, there are [strikes] of every kind. Now, as then, [an outbrea]k of violence arises from [the grow]ing weakness of democrati[cally] elected governments. Moro [is the hu]mor today; Bonomi and [Facta were] nearly fifty years ago. There [are many] elderly Italians who say to [themselv]es that this is where they [came in].

[But p]robably it isn't, and for sev[eral re]asons. This is not the place [to] mention more than two [of them]. One is that most of the un[rest to]day is the result not of poverty, [but of a] prosperity that is growing [much mo]re rapidly than the anti[quated and] incompetent bureaucracy [can] deal with it. The other is [that] Italians have developed a very genuine dislike of dictatorship. In 121 pages, of which some twenty are devoted to the influence of fascism outside Italy, Miss Wiskemann explains why they have had to pay so heavily for those first exciting months of fascist salutes and cries of *Duce! Duce!*

One rather unexpected reason is that Mussolini lacked the ruthlessness to be much more than the "sawdust Caesar" his enemies called him. The author is justified in underlining the differences between him and Hitler, once his disciple and later his master. "Weak" is not an adjective one would normally attach to the noun "dictator", but it is suggested by this book. Many of Mussolini's political opponents were dosed with castor oil, but few of them died in *confino* on the Lipari Islands. The murder of Matteotti in June, 1924, so shook his self-confidence that the king, had he possessed a little more courage, could probably have dismissed him and yet kept his own throne. Even Mussolini's belated persecution of the Jews and his execution of his son-in-law, Count Ciano, were much less the actions of a determined and ruthless tyrant than those of a feeble and frightened one, anxious to win the approval of his Führer.

Hitler was quick to eclipse the aged Hindenburg and to make himself head of the state. Mussolini humiliated the monarchy, but failed to abolish it, with the consequence—finally fatal to him—that the aristocracy, the army and the bureaucracy had an alternative national loyalty to fascism. They might share the fascist hatred of liberal ideas without themselves being enthusiastic supporters of Mussolini. Had this not been so, the patriotic members of the Fascist Grand Council would probably not have voted against the *Duce* in July, 1943, and have reduced him to the status of an ignominious puppet at Salò, despised by every Italian who had been humiliated by the Germans' behaviour in his country.

Mussolini was, of course, a superb actor in a country where acting is so highly appreciated. But panache was not enough: few will quarrel with Miss Wiskemann's verdict that "Italian Fascism was not the conquering creed of the twentieth century, but led a political fashion for two decades. Outside Italy its influence was slight and within Italy shortlived."

[Co]-operative candidatures

[T.] F. CARBERY: *Consumers [in Poli]tics*. 276pp. Manchester [Univer]sity Press. £2 10s.

[Of con]temporary British political [parties] the Co-operative Party is [probably] the least understood by stu[dents of p]olitics. Even historians of [the Labou]r Party, with which it is so [closely as]sociated, tend to ignore its [s]tructural development. Yet [this co-oper]ative wing of the labour [movement] has had its moments of [im]portance, and its present [posi]tion is not without signifi[cance. The] Co-operative Union estab[lished the] party as a means of safe[guarding] the societies' rights as [traders du]ring the period of ration[ing in the] First World War. But the [Co-operati]ve Party stayed in politics [after] its initial purpose had dis[appeared,] and in due course, because [of its links] with the Labour Party, its [leaders—n]otably A. V. Alexander [and Alfre]d Barnes—came to hold [office] in the state.

The chapters in *Consumers in Politics* on the history of the party are somewhat derivative and not particularly enlightening, but Dr. Carbery's account of its present condition makes up for this by its frank exposure of weaknesses in structure and hesitations in purpose. The party claims to represent all the people who draw their "divi" from the co-op: there are well over ten million of them. But in practice it is the trading organization itself and its employees whose interests are represented by the party's members in the House of Commons. The active membership of the party is exiguous—probably far fewer than the 18,000 claimed by the leaders. Of these, not a few are ambitious members of the Labour Party who have stumbled on the fact that activity in the Co-operative Party provides a quicker route than any other to a good parliamentary candidature. The National Executive of the Labour Party has been obliged to place a limit upon the number of candidatures sponsored by the Co-operative Party; and the Co-operative Union itself has come to wonder whether the expense of running the party is worth the limited benefits that it brings. It is clear that in some parts of the country the link with the Labour Party damages the trading image of the co-ops; elsewhere—though Dr. Carbery does not make this point—it is quite likely that the trading image of the co-ops is damaging to the Labour Party. It is not without relevance that Hugh Gaitskell, who recommended drastic changes in the trading methods of the societies in his Independent Report of 1958, was also anxious to restrict the number of Co-operative candidatures.

Yet for all its fustiness the Co-operative Party provides the only formal representation of the consumer interest within the British party structure. Changes to turn this formality into a reality, if they could be devised, would be preferable to a complete atrophy of an already wasted structure.

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End of the Emperor

JAMES KEMBLE (Editor): *St. Helena During Napoleon's Exile.* Gorrequer's Diary. 297pp. Heinemann. £2 15s.

GILBERT MARTINEAU: *Napoleon's St. Helena.* Translated by Frances Partridge. 241pp. John Murray. £2 5s.

R. F. DELDERFIELD: *Imperial Sunset.* 299pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 5s.

CLAUDE MANCERON: *Napoleon Recaptures Paris.* Translated by George Unwin. 307pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 5s.

Major Gideon Gorrequer was unquestionably the man in closest personal contact with Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena. As Aide-de-camp and Military Secretary he worked daily in the same room as the Governor, he wrote reports of all official conversation and saw almost all correspondence. He was housed, rather uncomfortably, at Plantation House and shared the Lowes' table. He kept a diary whose history is almost as remarkable as its contents.

Kept secret for many years by his heirs (who were not closely related), the manuscript was in 1881 - sixty years after Napoleon's death and some forty after Lowe's and Gorrequer's own - ordered by a Judge of the High Court to be deposited in the vaults of the Court of Chancery and not to be dealt with except at the discretion of the Court. Only now, when the papers in the Court have been transferred by Act of Parliament to the Public Record Office, has this valuable historical record been opened to scrutiny.

The diary is an odd document. Much of it is in a kind of near-shorthand and every person mentioned is hidden behind a cover-name—Neighbour, Donna, Constipation, Shrug, &c. There are some 200 of these and Dr. Kemble has had a hard, if fascinating, task in identifying them and in making sense of the sometimes obscure text. It is an intermittent journal, not much concerned with factual events, but rather a record of the writer's observation of other people's behaviour and of his own feelings and frustrations. It often appears to have been dashed off in anger and humiliation by a man with a chip on his shoulder, and Gorrequer in fact seems to have been a rather lonely, overworked and perhaps neurotic character. But he had a keen eye for stupidity, unfairness and pomposity in others, and he shows a nice wit and no little venom in describing them. He adds little that is new to the known record of events, but he does illuminate the motives and attitudes of those who took part in them. Inevitably, the Governor is the central and most interesting figure.

Gorrequer is known to have been outwardly a most loyal officer who obeyed his chief implicitly, gave every possible support to his policy, and never publicly hinted at the least disagreement with him. It was to be expected that what he wrote would provide a picture of Lowe that might go some way to modify the generally unfavourable assessment that has come down to us. Instead, it is clear that he detested and despised the Governor as a man and disapproved of a great many of his official actions. Gorrequer obviously wrote his diary only when in a state of great irritation, and he certainly exaggerates. However stupid and unpleasant Lowe's interpretation of his instructions, he did carry out what he conceived to be his duty efficiently and effectively; the man Gorrequer portrays could hardly have done so. Lowe appears as a near-madman whose temper, intolerance, and rudeness were directed as much towards his own staff as towards his captive, and whose constant changes of mind, forgetfulness, and concern over trivia amounted to downright incompetence. But, when every allowance is made for the bias and spite of a harassed subordinate, it is clear that Rosebery's harsh judgment of the Governor has now been completely vindicated by the man who was in the very best position to know the truth.

The first to benefit from this opening of a typically British secret cupboard has been the present French Consul at St. Helena, M. Gilbert Martineau, who draws much from Gorrequer in his *Napoleon's St. Helena.* His title may give the impression that the scene is surveyed from the melancholy fustiness of Longwood, but "Daily Life at Longwood" is in fact the subject of no more than a single chapter, and it is followed by chapters on daily life at Plantation House, in the Army, and among the inhabitants. The Foreign Commissioners, the overworked question of the cause of the Emperor's death, and "Plans of Escape" are other matters dealt with. On this last subject the author has usefully brought together all the available evidence from a variety of sources: but his conclusion is that, though undoubtedly aware of some of the schemes afoot, Napoleon himself recognized that any attempt at rescue would be futile and hoped for release only as a result of political change in Europe. Apart from the extracts from Gorrequer, now overtaken by publication of the whole diary, M. Martineau offers nothing that is new, but he does give a vivid and reliable account of life in all its varied aspects at St. Helena during Napoleon's captivity.

Like M. Martineau, neither Mr. Delderfield nor M. Manceron has added to the sum of knowledge, yet each has produced a book which must have been difficult to write but is enjoyable to read and which many will find informative. The military and political history of the period between Napoleon's return from Russia and his first abdication are among the most confu[illegible] ples of his career. F[illegible] they are probably not [illegible] in detail and the task of [illegible] them in a form simpler [illegible] book is daunting. Mr. [illegible] has tackled it with gr[illegible] *Imperial Sunset* conta[illegible] errors: it was not, for [illegible] intercepted letter of Mar[illegible] the Emperor to Marie L[illegible] decided the Allied Comm[illegible] on westwards for Paris; [illegible] true that the original of [illegible] has never been found. B[illegible] minor blemishes, and Mr. [illegible] has made a difficult s[illegible] by sensible selection and [illegible] by some good highlighting [illegible]

M. Manceron records [illegible] was no less confused, alt[illegible] seven days from March [illegible] 1815, during which Na[illegible] vanced from Macon to P[illegible] return from Elba. As b[illegible] the drama took its course [illegible] rapidly shifts the scene fr[illegible] leon's camp to the Tuileries [illegible] headquarters, to Vienna [illegible] to provincial prefectures [illegible] army commands. Since [illegible] part of the book is made [illegible] tion or paraphrase of [illegible] sources, it is a pity that re[illegible] ences nor detailed bibl[illegible] provided. This makes it [illegible] assess the reliability of [illegible] details recorded. But there [illegible] tion of the truth of the ov[illegible] of France prey to rumour [illegible] divided loyalties and trea[illegible] the whole episode passed [illegible] bloodshed is perhaps its r[illegible] able feature.

Pluralist empiricist

GORDON LEFF: *History and Social Theory.* 240pp. Merlin Press. 35s.

Readers looking to Gordon Leff's book for clear-cut theory will be disappointed. Far from being an exciting new answer to the perennial question "What is history?", it is a cautious empirical consideration of the special nature of the art of the historian. History to Dr. Leff is not applied sociology: indeed sociology is merely one among many branches of knowledge used by the historian.

The task of the historian as he sees it is not to explain but to make intelligible. This is not to re-live or re-experience the past, since the historian never shares the temporal standpoint of his subject-matter, having necessarily the advantage of hindsight. Here he is rightly critical of Dilthey. The writer of history unifies and sees pattern where such pattern and such unity are imperceptible to history's makers. In place of the Marxist class-struggle Dr. Leff suggests as the historian's key category in this process the unexciting one of "periodization".

Throughout his book he is extremely critical of causal explanation. He quotes with approval Professor Walsh's dictum: "Despite everything that has been said on the subject in the last 200 years, no one has yet produced a reputable example of a historical law." Unfortunately Dr. Leff bases his attack on causal explanation on somewhat shaky philosophical considerations. Historical events are causally unexplainable, he argues, because they are unique. They are further unexplainable because they are the product of human action and men are free:

> In the main historical events are in response to circumstances which although not of men's own choosing are largely of their own making. . . . We are all in our daily lives confronted with choices which logically—even if not psychically or physically—we are free to make.

Hence he argues that historic events are "contingent". From this he concludes that any attempt to establish the need for a hierarchy of causes such as that of E. H. Carr in *What is History?* is necessarily misguided, as it can "only operate if it denies . . . contingency". Some of this smacks of early Sartrean existentialism. Dr. Leff is not only a non-Marxist but also something of a pre-Freudian, and it is a pity that he does not consider the possibilities of a historical application of the Freudian concept of over-determination.

One of the consequences of rejecting any idea of basic as opposed to accidental causation is that history becomes, as it has been to all too many students, almost any kind of study of the past. In the absence of any concepts to play the role of substructure and superstructure—and Dr. Leff is modern enough to reject political history for the role of substructure—the field lies open for any number of relatively autonomous histories: the history of ideas, the history of art, the history of brewery, &c. It is symptomatic that he should cite a community of monks brewing beer and indulging in a certain type of mysticism as independent facts: and yet some of the most exciting history has been written by those who could see a connexion when none was seen before.

One of the better chapters is that dealing with objectivity. Sydney Hook is quoted with approval: "Every fact which the historian establishes presupposes some theoretical construction." Facts are relative to what Dr. Leff calls a combination of general and contextual norms. Though, to quote from another chapter, "the explanation of . . . events can come only . . . from events themselves"; history is not just past facts. Past facts have to be organized before becoming historical facts, and hence the historian is compelled to evaluate his material. Here he tends to follow E. H. Carr's view that the historian is concerned basically with relationships between actions, rather than individual deeds. But these relationships must not be fitted into a standard pattern, as each period, and almost each event, has its own pattern. The Marxist concept of class-struggle comes in for a particular hammering:

> No adequate history of society or an epoch has ever been written as primarily the work of class forces because they are not the primary data of social life. The supersession of one class by another as the midwife of social change is historically groundless.

On the whole, while conscious of the fact that we are all subject to the limitations of our own temporal ideologies, Dr. Leff shows a distinct preference for what more theoretically-minded historians might call "face value analysis". History to him seems to consist of histories written in terms of nations, periods and empires, alongside a range of specialist area histories. Though reasonably balanced and comprehensive, this pluralist empiricism does not go very much beyond enlightened common sense in dealing with his subject. And as such it contains too many unanalysed assumptions. The purpose of history may well be to make historical events intelligible; should not history itself be made intelligible too? And if this cannot be answered without admitting more theory than Dr. Leff is willing to allow us, should it not be dismissed as a pseudo-question?

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Battle and siege

JOHN SELBY: *The Boer War.* 237pp. Arthur Barker. £2 2s.

Several books about the Boer War have been published in the past ten years, some about the whole scope of the conflict and others about particular battles, like the works of Mr. W. Baring Pemberton and Mr. Ransford, or about particular events like Mr. Brian Gardner's studies of the semi-farcical "sieges" of Mafeking and Kimberley. Some interesting aspects of the war, however, remain little discussed: among them the extent to which the British failures sprang from the lack of anything resembling a General Staff and the deficiency in the right kind of horses, the problems faced by Roberts and Kitchener in their attempted change from a regimental to a centralized transport system, and the possible application and adaptation of Boer guerrilla tactics to modern warfare.

Mr. Selby is a Senior Lecturer at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, and it is natural to suppose that these would be among the subjects discussed in his book. Such expectations would be disappointed. The lack of a General Staff goes unmentioned and so do the merits of the different transport systems, horses enter the narrative only in the remark that "too much was demanded of man's four-footed friends and they died like flies", and the last eighteen months of guerrilla warfare are dismissed in a dozen pages. The political background to the struggle is merely sketched, and the burning of farms and institution of concentration camps are not discussed in any detail. This is one more book about the battles, Elandslaagte, Magersfontein, Colenso, Paardeberg, and about the sieges.

As such, it adds almost nothing to what has been said by other recent historians, in particular by Mr. Pemberton. Mr. Selby makes one good point, in showing that the frequent use of the white flag by the Boers in the face of bayonet or cavalry attack worked very much to the British disadvantage. Apart from this, his account of the battles and of their strategic background is at best conventional, at worst inadequate. For instance, many of the p[illegible] ing the British in the e[illegible] of the war stemmed from [illegible] White's decision to shut [illegible] force in Ladysmith, a de[illegible] matized by some officers [illegible] like Rawlinson and Ian H[illegible] ridiculous or unwise. It is [illegible] justify White's move, b[illegible] Mr. Selby does merely [illegible] action neutralised an e[illegible] besieging force of Boers [illegible] them on the Tugela" is b[illegible] opposition case. And his [illegible] Colonel Long's advance [illegible] at Colenso (to mention [illegible] dozen points that might [illegible] requires details which a[illegible] plied here if it is to be [illegible]

According to Mr. Se[illegible] guns had "almost silenc[illegible] artillery" (he is a single [illegible] cautious than Mr. Pembe[illegible] says that they had "silenc[illegible] artillery"), and the gu[illegible] awaited more ammunition [illegible] actual defeat into possi[illegible] There was, it is said, no S[illegible] men even though a quar[illegible] had been killed or woun[illegible] this view goes against [illegible] written at the time, not [illegible] Amery in the *Times His*[illegible] says that the "[Boer] sh[illegible] increasing in intensity and [illegible] but by the report of [illegible] Ogilvy who was in charg[illegible] naval guns attached to L[illegible] teries. Ogilvy stresses the [illegible] the rifle and shell fire and [illegible] "repeated messages for [illegible] came from the Royal Ar[illegible] teries". The incident is [illegible] in relation to the battle of [illegible] If earlier historians and o[illegible] participants are to be cou[illegible] this way, the factual grou[illegible] lieving them mistaken [illegible] given.

The book ends with a [illegible] tions on the present Sou[illegible] situation in which, Mr. Se[illegible] the Government are [illegible] fair as they can to all [illegible] 1899 world opinion was [illegible] of the Boers, today it is [illegible] "Yet those are the same p[illegible] and Afrikaner. How [illegible] plained?" To anybody [illegible] such a question it is hard [illegible] to supply an answer.

Making Christ credible

[illegible]D L. EDWARDS: *Religion and* [illegible]*hange.* 383pp. Hodder and [illegible]oughton. £2 10s.

[illegible] central question for me", says [illegible] Edwards, "is whether a recog[illegible]ly Christian faith in God can be [illegible] healthily and maturely by honest [illegible] intelligent people who know why [illegible]tianity has seemed incredible or [illegible] to so many in the twentieth [illegible]ry." What a century! "The [illegible] century . . . without precedent [illegible] in history" is how the author [illegible]cterizes it. It is a century whose [illegible]stream flows towards an "ocean [illegible] human health, freedom, dignity [illegible] dominance over the earth and [illegible] space". Thanks, it would [illegible] said, to man's inherent [illegible]s, with no need to give thanks whatever to God even [illegible] supposed he existed to receive [illegible]. Man has "come of age" and, [illegible] mature individual, independent [illegible], he accepts power, responsi[illegible] and tragedy alike. So arises a [illegible] question for the believer: [illegible] the Christian faith as we know [illegible] survive this radical upheaval in [illegible] attitudes and beliefs, this revolu[illegible] in our contemporary culture?

[illegible] the first part of the book Mr. [illegible] looks at the sociological and [illegible]logical challenge to traditional [illegible]ion. While it has suffered a com[illegible] defeat in industrial Europe, [illegible] and China, it flourishes, in the [illegible] that church-going flourishes, in [illegible] United States. Further, the [illegible] faith seems to have survived [illegible] impact of Freud, the challenge of [illegible]m, and much else in the fields of [illegible] faith and knowledge. What, [illegible]ever, of the intellectual challenge [illegible] Christian dogmatism of a tradi[illegible] kind? The author's conclu[illegible] is "that the old shape of [illegible] life and thought—as in Pro[illegible] Fundamentalism, for example, or in conservative Catholicism—is not likely to become again the powerful religion of the West", yet that "Christianity still has a chance of filling the religious vacuum in the West, and of expanding its world-wide influence, if Christianity will accept the necessary changes". In this first part of the book we have a masterly survey ranging over many fields relevant to the recent history of our own times. With a wealth of scholarship and illustration we are introduced to the many features of the modern scene—intellectual, scientific, political, social, psychological features, as well as the differing religious attitudes of East and West—which everybody assessing the claims and the future of religion in the world, and the Christian faith in particular, must necessarily reckon with.

What then are the changes which Mr. Edwards desiderates? They concern both the new shape for the Christian Church and a "re-statement of Christian belief". For the shape of the Church he offers no new blueprint. Churches "like individuals . . . start where they are and move one step at a time", and that is as true of all else as it is of unity. Yet as he remarks, the lack of Christian unity "erects many obstacles for the Churches in their approach to the people". The new shape of the Church will obviously concern the ministry, and while "realism suggests that *a professional clergy serving a neighbourhood through its local church* remains indispensable", there is also a need for what Mr. Edwards calls "*honorary clergy*" who "within the institutional Church . . . can make the voice of the world heard; within the secular world . . . can have the thought-provoking strangeness of men set apart for God". There is need, too, for specialist professionals. Further, a bishop should be "a pastor of the pastors and a teacher of the teachers" serving "the clergy of the local churches by being the chief co-ordinator of their work, by being available for advice out of his experience in detailed problems, and by taking trouble over their worship and study".

In theology there must be "a more natural and relevant, less exclusive and rigid, style". More particularly, what we need in "the reconstruction of a distinctively Christian faith is the centrality of a *credible* Christ as the enfleshed Word of God", and there is need to recognize with courage and clarity that a denial of the transcendence of God "is not the inevitable consequence of theology's purification of the images of God". To share the Christian faith will be "to choose to share the faith of Jesus Christ in God the Father, who cares and suffers, and who will make known his power and joy as King on earth as in heaven".

Here is a quite superb account of the present scene combining a scholarly depth with a breadth of vision. While it is a masterly survey, brilliant in its detail, there are excellent summaries and many constructive insights. It should be prescribed reading for all concerned with the Christian faith and its institutions as well as with the well-being of humanity. Those who are appalled at the wide disparity which there often is between the conclusions of theological scholarship and the beliefs of parishioners, and at the gap there often seems to be between the concerns of a local Christian community and the broad Christian social vision, can be encouraged by this book to press on, in patience and hope, with all their efforts to bring a new dynamism to the Church, and to coin less confusing and misleading ways of talking about their beliefs. Here is a book which will help all its readers to see better both the trees and the wood when so much time is spent, eyes down and busy with canonical spades and synodical rakes, tidying the ground between the trunks.

Exegesis

RAYMOND E. BROWN, JOSEPH A. FITZMYER and ROLAND E. MURPHY (Editors): *The Jerome Biblical Commentary.* 2 volumes. 889pp. Geoffrey Chapman. £10 10s.

This work represents the labours of some fifty Catholic biblical scholars over seven years. Unhappily, some of the original contributors did not live to see the completion of the work. But to them and to their colleagues who have seen *The Jerome Biblical Commentary*'s publication, and especially to the editors, this work is a monumental tribute.

In the best spirit of catholicity, it is designed for all who take seriously the study of the Scriptures and their abiding value. An inescapable feature of the exegesis provided is that, almost all through, the text is presented to speak for itself. This has had happy results in that the *Commentary* gives exposition which can scarcely be labelled partisan. As an example one could single out the careful examination of the Dominical institution as recorded by St. Luke, or by St. Paul in I Corinthians. Such matters in these texts as have previously caused sharp differences of judgment (as well as of practice) are generously treated with the aid of bibliographical material drawn from all quarters.

The ecclesiology of the *Commentary* is likewise comprehensive. Those great passages of the New Testament which have in the past been deployed for ecclesiastical dispute have been wisely treated with true biblical exegesis. Even the statement by Jesus in Matthew 16-18 has been equably handled, bearing in mind the problems which are interior to that text.

At first sight the layout might baffle the unwary reader: the books of the Bible do not appear in the accustomed order. But in consideration of the widely accepted canons of biblical criticism books have been arranged in chronological order, though some readers might part company with the editors on minor points. The teacher, student and minister will find this work most enriching and valuable as a starting-point for further study. There is an elaborate, but self-explanatory, system of cross-reference and a very good index. The bibliographies are split between general works of introduction, and further technical reading to which attention is drawn in the text.

No commentary of this kind can be regarded as complete or satisfactory without contributions of a topographical nature. St. Jerome himself, besides being one of the first to include the books of the Apocrypha, demonstrated the importance of topographical material in the study of the Bible. This *Commentary*, named after him, follows wisely in his train by including a breadth of subjects which will certainly make it a standard reference work for a long time to come. Lack of space forbids exhaustive review, but under "Inspiration and Inerrancy", for example, a subject which has daunted many a scholar, it is held that "Whatever our speculation . . . sacred writers were genuinely and creatively active and yet every activity of their intellect was under the influence of inspiration". The article "Biblical Archaeology" is a masterpiece of accurate compression, and possibly the contribution which best reflects the purpose of the whole work is "Hermeneutics" (by Raymond E. Brown), where we are guided about what has been called "the meaning of meaning" and guarded against extravagant interpretation (for instance, in typology).

Augustin Cardinal Bea has contributed a foreword; the new aspect of this *Commentary* is, he claims, the consequence of the spirit of Papal Encyclicals, especially in the light of Vatican II, and more particularly *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, where "Sacred Scripture makes an excellent tool in the powerful hand of God for the attainment of that unity which the Savior offers to all men". Here, too, say the editors, is where the myth of the Catholic position is exploded.

Between Christian and Jew

[illegible] PARKES: *Prelude to Dialogue.* [illegible]27pp. Vallentine, Mitchell. 35s.

[illegible] living man has done more to [illegible]ote mutual understanding be[illegible] Jew and Christian than James [illegible]kes. His sympathetic apprecia[illegible] of the spiritual values for which [illegible]ism stands comes out in every[illegible] he writes and is of greater sig[illegible]ance than the feeling of involve[illegible] with which he deplores the [illegible]ings of the Jews at Christian [illegible] down the ages. In *Prelude to* [illegible]*ogue* twelve of his essays are [illegible]ered together and reissued. That [illegible] is a certain amount of repeti[illegible] Dr. Parkes acknowledges, but [illegible] inevitable since the essays were [illegible]ed as lectures in various places [illegible] a number of years and were [illegible]ally independent of each other. [illegible] of them are on the nature [illegible]ism, three on Judaism among [illegible] world's religions, three on Israel [illegible]tion to Palestine and the Dia[illegible] and three on the logical foun[illegible]. These last deal with the [illegible]gy of toleration, a theology of [illegible]-Christian relationships, and [illegible]ble, the World and the Trinity. [illegible]g in this final lecture that in [illegible]rkes's case his sympathy for [illegible] does not spring from the [illegible]ess of his adherence to the [illegible]an faith.

[illegible] traverse all the essays is [illegible]ible. Dr. Parkes frequently [illegible] that Judaism and Christianity [illegible] needed since the former is [illegible]ed to a people and the latter [illegible]viduals. Such an argument is [illegible]unnecessary to his irenic mis[illegible] and while there is an element of [illegible] it, it sounds more impressive [illegible]etition than it really is. The [illegible] with Israel was with the [illegible] but it called for loyalty from [illegible]individual, and if the prophets [illegible] be believed it could be made [illegible] disobedience. Dr. Parkes [illegible] that loyal and disloyal are [illegible]hin the Covenant, and he repeatedly observes that in the *lulav* carried at the Feast of Tabernacles there was a spray of willow, representing those without learning or good works, whom the Church would regard as earmarked for damnation, but who were regarded by Judaism as still within the Covenant. It would be hard to show that the exiles from the northern kingdom of Israel, who once by his definition were within the Covenant, remained within it. To question the relevance or absoluteness of this favourite contrast is not to fail to share his profound respect for Judaism or his eagerness to promote understanding and fellowship between Jew and Christian.

One moving chapter is on the case of Fr. Daniel, a Jewish hero of the Polish resistance movement, who saved the lives of many Jews at the risk of his own, but who became a Christian and after the war went to Israel, only to be refused admission as a Jew. The verdicts of the Judges in the case are reported in full, and they make it clear that if Fr. Daniel had merely abandoned the Jewish faith he would have been admitted as of right a Jew. There is room for the willow in the *lulav*, but not for whatever spray might be thought to represent the Jew Jesus or his Jewish followers.

Dr. Parkes is often very forthright in his judgments and is not always as sympathetic and irenical as he is toward the Jews. He speaks of "the passion of contemporary New Testament scholars for the absurdities of the Dead Sea Scrolls". It is true that some writers have rhapsodized over the Scrolls more than they deserve; but it is also true that the Qumran sectaries deserve understanding and respect for their devotion and loyalty to the faith of Israel. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the World Council of Churches may feel that the reference to them is not very sympathetic, when Dr. Parkes speaks of the benign platitude in the contemplation of any twentieth-century issue—an attitude which I must say with regret is completely shared by the Archbishops of the Anglican Church or the deliberations of the World Council of Churches. Perhaps there is a little willow in Dr. Parkes's *lulav*. This is a pity in a work which as a whole is so admirable in its spirit and dedicated to so noble a cause as the promotion of mutual respect between the two great faiths to which the world owes so much.

D. Dunn Wilson's *Many Waters Cannot Quench* (213pp. Epworth Press. £2 5s.) is, in the words of the subtitle, "A Study of the Sufferings of Eighteenth-century Methodism and their Significance for John Wesley and the First Methodists". Dr. Wilson describes in turn the physical trials of the early Methodists, the various kinds of external attack on Methodist doctrines and practices, the almost more damaging internal controversies between the Calvinist and Arminian branches of the Revival, and the spiritual struggles characteristic of eighteenth-century conversion. All these, he claims, were closely related in the eyes of the early Methodists to whom a fall from a horse or the agonies of spiritual doubt seemed equally the work of the Devil.

Finally, Dr. Wilson considers John Wesley's own attitude to the problem of evil and of suffering and relates it to that of other eighteenth-century thinkers. The Methodists were not alone in regarding themselves as taking part in a great cosmic fight between good and evil, nor in their belief that their suffering united them both one with another and with Christ. But the marked strain of hope in their teaching, the "blessed assurance" of John Wesley, gave unity to the movement and helped it to turn the persecutions and hardships into a source of strength.

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French literary magazines

BY ANNETTE LAVERS

WHATEVER may be thought of the French tendency to secede on matters of principle when it is applied to politics, its result in the cultural field is a plurality of magazines, which is the condition of intellectual health, since it ensures for writers and readers alike some possibility of free choice in the whole ideological spectrum. At times, however, a larger phenomenon unites the field, positively for the converted, negatively for the sceptics who cannot, however, ignore it: call it in our case structuralism, a complex (and fashionable) current of ideas which has had a precious by-product. Since it was born of a transposition of the methods and approach of linguistics into other areas, it has quite normally encouraged the free circulation of concepts between different disciplines, Freudianism and Marxism being only the most conspicuous beneficiaries.

All this has no doubt been confirmed by the political climate; the general by-passing of authority has favoured the breaking of taboos: don't just look at the methods on display, grab them. Where is the time when Julien Gracq fretfully described the Existentialists as a Barbarian horde speaking its own language, *l'agrégé*, and let loose in the field of letters? Our period is witnessing the rise of a new generation, no less conversant with philosophy, but in addition well-versed in mathematics, logic, semiotics and the social sciences, deeply conscious of problems of method and of the resources of style: infinitely more intimidating than those they ousted. These are the children not only of Freud and Marx, but also—to take a few names at random—of Bourbaki and Mauss, Peirce or Wittgenstein (those who still use the last named indiscriminately as an anti-continental missile are by now acting somewhat naively).

Let us therefore give pride of place in the present review, to the *Cahiers pour l'Analyse*, which publishes the "Travaux du Cercle d'épistémologie de l'Ecole Normale Supérieure", and has now graduated to a glossy cover, proper print and a major publisher (Le Seuil). Its tenth issue (Winter 1969) is a number on "La Formalisation"; it contains a discussion of Aristotle's logic, new translations of texts by Boole, Cantor, Russell and Gödel, a very interesting article by Jacques Bouveresse on Wittgenstein's *Remarks on the Foundations of Mathematics*, and several studies, among which the most ambitiously synthetic is by Alain Badiou. His works (the novel *Almagestes* or a recent essay on *Le Concept de modèle*, for instance) all embody the desire to expose the workings of ideology even in what might look like pure science, and this one is no exception; it is difficult, but repays close study. Science is defined here as the Subject of philosophy, precisely because there is no Subject of science: "c'est pourquoi la science et la pratique de la science mettront toujours la philosophie au supplice". Such ideas, which refer to those of Althusser on the *praxis* and Lacan on the "subversion of the Subject", are the key to the dialectics of science and ideology, whose patterned development is explained in an appendix on Gödel.

A wide approach also characterizes an excellent essay by Marshall Sahlins on the "Philosophie politique" in Mauss's *Essai sur le Don*, contained in the October-December 1968 issue of *L'Homme*. In contrast to the increasingly rationalist bias in modern anthropology, Mauss, like Marx, concentrated more on the things exchanged than on the individuals who exchange them. Lévi-Strauss's extension of the *prestation totale* into a grandiose system of matrimonial exchange is shown to be well in line with Mauss's perception that "l'ordre primitif est un ordre généralisé".

The April number of *Les Temps Modernes* contains a *débat*, a *témoignage* and a *document* which all exemplify the ideological foundations of the magazine. The debate concerns Czechoslovakia and opposes Petr Pithart, a collaborator of Ota Šik, who makes a plea for the *cours nouveau*, and Mario Macciò, who criticizes it from a "Leftist" standpoint. It is introduced by André Gorz, who, while agreeing with Macciò, tries to show that the spontaneous rediscovery, by the workers, of "l'inspiration du mouvement révolutionnaire d'il y a cinquante ans", will achieve its full international effect only through the mediation of the intellectuals. The *document*, on a "grève exemplaire" at Pirelli, drives another lesson home by giving an example of worker management which succeeded because of "l'initiative et l'imagination à la base".

The "témoignage"—a fascinating one—is the transcription of a recorded dialogue between a psychoanalyst and the man who was his patient for fourteen years and who, after three years' interruption, came back unexpectedly (armed with a tape-recorder) to discuss his reflections on the whole experience. Sartre, who bears the responsibility for publishing the document, defines himself not as a "faux-ami de la psychanalyse" but as a "compagnon de route critique"; his change of attitude dates back to around 1960, and many works bear the trace of it. But when it came to the crunch, that is, to the application of psychoanalytic ideas to himself, he irresistibly wriggled out, to the extent of making, in *Les Mots*, the remarkable statement that, because he had lost his father in infancy, he has no superego. Considering such reactions, his comments on this "dialogue psychanalytique" are commendably restrained: the analyst "s'est tiré d'affaire sans gloire mais sans désastre". The familiar farcical pattern of "l'arroseur arrosé"—since the patient mercilessly interprets the analyst's reactions thanks to the concepts the latter taught him—prompts Sartre to praise, in "l'homme au magnétophone", a striking incarnation of the "agent", the "subject", whose existence is now frequently doubted. Whatever the deontological objections to the publication of such a text (J.-B. Pontalis and Bernard Pingaud enumerate them), let us selfishly say that it was well worth it to watch Sartre reiterating his creed passionately.

His attitude, which is activist, voluntarist and optimistic, is of course typically "gauchiste". "L'imagination au pouvoir" was one of the mottoes of the "May revolution". No wonder many people cast their thoughts back to earlier periods in which similar ideals were born of similar disillusions. Thus Stéphane Cordier, the director of *L'Arc*, had the excellent idea of issuing a facsimile of "Intervention Surréaliste", first published by him and E. L. T. Mesens at Brussels in 1934. No important name was missing, according to Breton himself, and never was Surrealist thought so patently coherent and explosive. There is no hiatus when one passes from this to *Atoll*, a new quarterly directed by Jean-Pierre Baron, which would, however, endorse only the libertarian aspect of Surrealism. The review's name is unexplained: it cannot hint at any isolationism, since *Atoll* gets down to a pugnacious start, expressing its rejection both of today's "littérature engagée" (caught between formalism and socialist realism) and "littérature tout court" ("moutonnière et magazinnière"). Of the excellent first two numbers one (November, 1967-January, 1968), is devoted to that "strange communist", Paul Nizan, and might well be described, to borrow the terms used by his wife, not as a rehabilitation but as a settlement of accounts. The second (September-November, 1968) is devoted to Georges Limbour, who has the double advantage of being "l'un des poètes les plus doués et les moins compromis de sa génération".

While there is some excuse for those who find the literature *Tel Quel* tries to foster forbiddingly austere, it is unquestionable that this review leads the field where the theory of literature is concerned. Outstanding among the [...]rists is Julia Kristeva's "L'engendrement de la f[...]" (the Spring 1969 issue) [...]rate a theory of meaning [...] runners of which were [...] phonologists, Lacan (for [...] of the signifier) and Saus[sure's] notes on what he c[alled ana]*grammes* (some are p[...] Jean Starobinski in the [...]ber). His hypotheses [...] study of the structure [...] poetry, are all the more [...] since they seem to be a [...] his own theory of the [...] produced such well-known [...]ments; he may one day [...] have twice fathered ma[...]ties.

Connected studies [...] in a special number of [...] *Critique*, which contains [...] papers given at Cluny in [...] during a Colloque on "[...] et Littérature". It is [...] introduced by a bibliog[raphical arti]cle by Jean Peytard, and [is indis]pensable to anyone inte[rested in the] subject. Finally, recent [numbers of] *Critique* contain articles [apply]ing similar principles: Jacques Derrida's "L[...]tion" (Nos. 261-262), [on] Sollers's *Nombres* based [on a "...]grammatic" approach, [...]res on "l'imagination [...]" Jules Verne (263) and [...] Todorov on "La quête [...]" (262), which applies to the *Graal* the principles [...] several numbers of *Com[munications]* on "L'Analyse structurale [...]".

Magazines referred to above include:—
Cahiers pour l'Analyse. Editions du Seuil, 27 rue Jacob, Paris 6e.
L'Homme. Editions Mouton, Boite Postale 1132, The Hague.
Les Temps Modernes. 26 rue de Condé, Paris 6e.
L'Arc. Chemin de Répentance, Aix-en-Provence.
Atoll. 41 rue Boulainvilliers, Paris 16e.
Tel Quel. Editions du Seuil, 27 rue Jacob, Paris 6e.
La Nouvelle Critique. 19 rue St. Georges, Paris 9e.
Critique. Editions de Minuit, 7 rue Bernard-Palissy, Paris 6e.

Paperbacks

Titles in bold denote original titles.

Art.—ROBERT F. BUSSABARGER and BETTY DASHEW ROBINS: **The Everyday Art of India**. Dover. 28s. 6d. BLANCHE CIRKER (Editor): **1800 Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick and His School**. Dover. 38s. **Drawings by Canaletto**. Edited by Vittorio Moschini. Dover. 17s. **Drawings by Michelangelo**. Edited by Maria Vittoria Brugnoli. Translated by Helen and David Friedman. Dover. 17s. **Drawings by Tintoretto**. Edited by Giuseppe Delogu. Translated by Clara Bargellini. Dover. 14s. 6d. **The Gibson Girl and Her America: The Best Drawings of Charles Dana Gibson**. Edited by Edmund Vincent Gillon. Dover. 24s. A. A. TURBAYNE: *Monograms and Ciphers*. Dover. 24s. **293 Renaissance Woodcuts for Artists and Illustrators: Jost Amman's "Kunstbüchlin"**. Edited by Alfred Werner. Dover. 28s. 6d. **Victorian Stencils for Design and Decoration**. Edited by Edmund V. Gillon. Dover. 19s.

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Sport.—BRIAN GLANVILLE: [...] *World Football [...]* Mayflower. 5s.

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[C]ynical or ethical?

[...] MOORE: *La Rochefoucauld*. [...]p. Clarendon Press: Oxford [Univer]sity Press. 28s. (Paper[back] 14s.)

[At the] outset of this study, Dr. [Moore] draws attention to the fact [that, ho]wever much La Rochefou[cauld's] *Maximes* have been admired [and stu]died from Voltaire's day to [this, ...] no acceptable elucidation [of their] meaning and purpose yet [exists]. It is clear, however, that a [proper] understanding of the [*Maximes*], an accurate assessment of [their orig]inality and an examination [of the] relationship to the milieu in [which the]y were formed would illum[inate the] central concerns of almost [all the] French classical authors, [and would] most certainly also imposing [...]s a series of new perspec[tives from] which to understand their [work. Do] the *Maximes* contain the key [to an] understanding of a whole [society], which no doubt explains [what ma]kes them so fascinating in [spite of] their apparent impenetra[bility? A]re they the cynical products [of a dec]aying society? Or merely [...] epigrams incorporating [...] insights about human [nature a]nd behaviour? Can they be interpreted as a Jansenist document? What in the end, asks Mr. Moore, are they about?

Unhappily his *La Rochefoucauld*, if it asks many of the right questions, does not produce answers which are either new or convincing. There are useful reminders. La Rochefoucauld remains close to Montaigne; some of his concerns are near to those of Molière; the famous cynicism is in fact restrained to a degree; the formal perfection of the epigrams is the result of a considerable process of refinement; any total explanation must take into account the seriousness of the Fronde, the works of Retz and Hobbes. But although the stylistic analysis is exceptionally accomplished, there is little else here that is new, and it seems doubtful that La Rochefoucauld is currently quite so misunderstood as the author sometimes suggests.

In the end his study is inescapably reminiscent of a well-conducted tutorial, urbane, precise, wide-ranging and sensitive without being exciting or even particularly informative. The most important point of scholarship concerns the possibility, which Mr. Moore has argued elsewhere, that the Dutch edition of 1664 represents a state of the text more primitive than that of the Liancourt manuscript. This contention, although it should not lightly be dismissed, goes against the tide of scholarly opinion and the argument, at least in the form in which it appears in the present book, rests too perilously on conjectures about the genesis in La Rochefoucauld's mind and experience of the epigrams as definitively fixed in 1678.

For the rest, good sense takes precedence over scholarship. In spite of an encouraging promise to relate the *Maximes* to the Augustinian circle in which they were produced, Mr. Moore is in fact less informative on this topic than was Ivanoff forty years ago. The views of all but the most established classics among La Rochefoucauld's contemporaries are quoted only from secondary sources, although recourse to such obvious material as the printed text of the maxims by Mme. de Sablé and the Abbé d'Ailly would have yielded useful evidence for the sections on the precise meaning of *amour-propre* as opposed to *intérêt* and on the late seventeenth-century rehabilitation of *amour-propre*, and although the text at least of Nicole's essays is easily accessible. Pascal is quoted from the little Brunschvieg edition. Neither Senault nor Cureau de la Chambre is mentioned at all, in spite of the importance of one for Augustinian moral reflection and the interest of the other in the ethical implications of physiological processes. La Rochefoucauld's apparent deference to the judgment of Jacques Esprit is left out of account, and the problem of the removal by La Rochefoucauld of the Jansenizing preface to the first edition is not considered. Page references are given to a printing of the Pléiade edition in 1957 (said to be the second, although the 1950 edition states that it is itself a reprint), although Mr. Moore's book clearly went to press after the appearance in 1967 of the very much superior Truchet edition in the Classiques Garnier series. La Rochefoucauld is referred to throughout as "LR". And it is startling to find Mr. Moore's book ending with what is headed *Index Nominorum* (uncorrected on a slip of corrigenda, itself a little horrifying in a book from the Clarendon Press).

La Rochefoucauld contains an intelligent and sensitive, if conjectural reconstruction of the mental processes in La Rochefoucauld which resulted in the formal perfection of the epigrams. But Mr. Moore's concern with their formal qualities leaves out of account La Rochefoucauld's relationship to the mainstream of French moral writing in the classical period, and it is on an elucidation of this relationship that a proper understanding of the originality of the *Maximes* and an assessment of their total meaning primarily depends. It may well be that the dissociation of actions and qualities in the conversations of Mme. de Sablé's circle, which Mr. Moore somewhat improbably attributes to the influence of Charron, may be far more important and original than he says. If this is the case, the relationship between La Rochefoucauld's maxims and Jansenist spiritual teaching will need more thorough investigation than it has so far been given. Far from being cynically hard-bitten, the maxims could turn out to suggest an important uncertainty about ethical values which lasted until nearly the end of the century, an uncertainty perhaps not unconnected with the possibility, affirmed by the Jansenists but explored outside their ranks, that an emotion which was irresistible might none the less also be culpable.

[B]ooks [R]eceived

[Aesth]etics

[SCHAPER], EVA. *Prelude to Aesthetics*. [...]pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.

[*Prelud*]e *to Aesthetics* begins with an [introdu]ction in which Dr. Schaper [discusse]s some ideas on the topic of ["aesth]etic transposition", distin[guishing] this from metaphorical [transfer]ence in that whereas "meta[phor] [...]ll shift of meaning involves [looking] at something as if it were [someth]ing else", "aesthetic trans[position] involves looking at some[thing as] if it were just itself". There [is a] chapter apiece on the ideas [of Plato] and of Aristotle on art: [...] Dr. Schaper concentrates on [the fu]ndamental themes as the [notion] of the artist as an inspired [...], the conception of a work [of art] like a living organism, and [the idea] that great art can deepen [our under]standing of life. The fourth [and final] chapter considers some of [the influ]ences that these and other [ideas] have had on later aesthetic [thought]. The author takes the period [...] in particular and illus[trates the] different ways in which [Platonic] and anti-Platonic, Aris[totelian a]nd anti-Aristotelian, themes [were com]bined—whether or not their [influen]ces were explicitly recog[nized].

[Dr. Sch]aper covers a great deal of [ground i]n a very short space (the [book] is a mere 134 pages); but [...]tions of Plato and Aristotle [can be re]commended as an excellent [surv]ey of their main ideas on [art, and] the chapter on influences [serves] as a stimulating intro[duction t]o some important aspects [of the] subject.

[Architec]ture

[CANTACUZ]INO, SHERBAN. *European [Domestic] Architecture*. 160pp. [Studio] Vista. 25s. (Paperback, [...])

[An] agreeable book to dip into, [sch]olarly, well written and [w]ith very well chosen (and [well-reprod]uced) pictures. But a work [of this kin]d should also serve as a [reference] book, and this one is diffi[cult to ref]er to. The examples are [not in any] logical order. They illus[trate point]s as they occur in the [somewhat discursive] text—which is a praiseworthy attempt to relate architectural to social developments, but in the process moves unpredictably between England, France and Italy.

After a particularly knowledgeable opening chapter about origins, which belies the book's title by chiefly dealing with the Near East, there are three chapters on the castle and the palace, the town house, and the villa and country house. The balance in these is sometimes surprising, and it is also surprising, for example, to find Lansdowne Crescent, Bath—surely the essence of urbanity—among the illustrations in the last chapter.

GREGOTTI, VITTORIO. *New Directions in Italian Architecture*. 128pp. FEUERSTEIN, GÜNTHER. *New Directions in German Architecture*. 128pp. Studio Vista. £2 5s. each.

Two more volumes in a series that has already dealt with half-a-dozen countries. The Italian volume lives up to the title by concentrating on the decades when modern architecture indeed represented a new direction. The first two-thirds of the book are concerned with recounting and expounding the development of the modern movement in Italy from 1918 onwards. Only on page 79 do we reach "The Contemporary Scene" and this chapter begins with 1959 and gives us only a sketchy survey of present-day Italian architecture.

The German volume is quite different. There is hardly any historical background. It launches almost immediately into the 1960s and therefore, rather than describing new directions, describes directions that are very much the same as those Germany led the world in taking nearly half-a-century ago. Only in the final chapter on technology are we shown architecture that could only belong to this decade.

Nevertheless, as an anthology of recent German work it is useful if sometimes rather dull, and the same can be said of the text. The Italian volume is more lively and the text is more scholarly, though not well translated. Both have well-chosen photographs but too few plans, and for such slim volumes the price is high.

Arms and Armour

WILKINSON, F. *Flintlock Pistols*. 75pp. Arms and Armour Press. 30s.

In *Flintlock Pistols* Mr. F. Wilkinson covers ground that numerous recent publications on firearms have made very familiar. His book does not, therefore, contain very much new information, but it provides a good short summary of the history of the flintlock pistol and an excellent series of illustrations of examples, most of which are likely to be within reach of the collector of modest means. There are a few minor errors of fact in both the introduction and the captions, but the only serious criticism that can be made is that the coverage is somewhat uneven, several illustrations of certain types of pistol being given while others, such as the seventeenth-century English dog-lock, are omitted altogether. It is irritating also to have to search the list of acknowledgments at the front for the sources of the illustrations when this information could very easily have been included in the captions. The book nevertheless provides a useful introduction to the history of the flintlock pistol and can be recommended as such.

Art

DIEHL, GASTON. *Van Dongen*. 96pp. Milan: The Uffici Press. London: The Folio Art Books. 27s. 6d. DORNAND, GUY. *Utrillo*. Translated by Anne Ross. 27pp. Milan: Uffici Press. London: The Folio Art Books. 12s. 6d. NEIGEMONT, OLGA. *German Expressionists—The Blue Rider School*. Translated by William Pernhall. 28pp. New York: Crown Publishers. London: The Folio Art Books. 12s. 6d. BOSKOVITS, MIKLOS. *Tuscan Paintings of the Early Renaissance*. 25pp. 48 colour plates. Budapest: Corvina Press. London: Clematis Press. 30s.

Van Dongen, by Gaston Diehl, has excellent reproductions in both colour and black-and-white, many reproduced for the first time, together with a lively and informative text. *Utrillo* and *German Expressionists—The Blue Rider School* give an adequate selection in ten colour plates—in the latter a particularly well reproduced and interesting plate is "Kandinsky at the Tea Table", by Gabriele Münter. *Tuscan Paintings of the Early Renaissance* includes forty-eight reproductions of Sienese and Florentine paintings in Hungarian collections, illustrating the numerous variations in style between the late fourteenth and later fifteenth centuries.

RYAN, PETER. *The National Trust*. 388pp. Dent. £4 8s.

Information on all the National Trust's varied properties—houses, gardens, parks, dove-cotes, canals, &c.—is for the first time available in one book. That is a great advantage. But accumulations of N.T. booklets and the Trust's "Annual Opening Arrangements" cannot be thrown away. For Mr. Ryan's compilation gives only scant information on individual properties; none on days and hours of opening, which may change from year to year. Properties are grouped into five regions, including Scotland and Northern Ireland, illustrated by 300 rather undistinguished black and white photographs and five colour plates. The Trust has lately come under fire for restrictive practices; but a brief history recalls that this typical British institution, usually acting ahead or instead of the Government, as "Trustee for the Nation" is bound by a special Act of Parliament. This often prevents it from taking measures recommended by certain Stately Home-owners, even if these were in the national interest.

TYLER, E. J. *European Clocks*. 258pp. Ward Lock. £1 15s.

Many short general histories of clocks have appeared in this country during the last few years. All cover approximately the same ground, varying from each other mainly in emphasis and length, and most of them tend to be strong on mechanical detail and rather weak on the historical and art-historical background to horology. Mr. E. J. Tyler's *European Clocks* follows the same pattern and is neither better nor worse than the majority of its predecessors. It does, however, attempt to discuss a certain amount of new material by dealing with such aspects of the clockmaker's art as Maltese and Scandinavian clocks and the processes and tools of manufacture, while there are good, though brief, accounts of the Black Forest clock-making industry and of the early development of mass production in the United States. The chapter on "Where to See Clocks" is also useful and there is a good short bibliography. The illustrations are, in the main, well chosen, though certain types of clock, for example lantern clocks, are perhaps given more than their fair share of space while, infuriatingly, sources are not given in the captions.

Biography and Memoirs

MUHAMMAD, SHAN. *Sir Syed Ahmed Khan*. 272pp. Meerut: Meenakshi Prakashan. Rs. 30.

It would be difficult to overestimate the debt which the Muslim community in India owed to Sir Syed Ahmed Khan for his successful efforts to arouse them from the paralysis which overtook them after the Mutiny. He set them on a new course; he showed how western culture could be combined with the traditions of Islam; he laid the foundations on which they were later to base a conviction of their own importance as a community. It is in this sense—and probably in this sense only—that he can

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be hailed as "the first Pakistani" by enthusiastic historians of Pakistani nationalism. But, as Professor Shan Muhammad shows in this admirably judicious study, the Syed never contemplated anything as drastic as the creation of an Islamic State inside the subcontinent. His main purpose was to ensure that his co-religionists in India made themselves capable of taking their own place in India alongside the Hindu community: it was an equal partnership that he was working for, not the partition of India. He could not, and did not, foresee that in the last resort partition might prove the only practicable way of protecting the rights of Muslims; he would doubtless have been startled to learn that after his death he would be credited with a prophetic prescience which he would have been the last to claim. Professor Shan Muhammad's book, in no way detracts from Sir Syed Ahmed's stature as a political and social reformer when it sets his aims in a truer perspective.

VARLEY, D. E. *John Heathcoat, 1783-1861.* 40pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. 7s. 6d.

A short biography of the Derbyshire village boy who, though he had little education, revealed an inventive genius which enabled him to become the founder of the machine-made lace industry and to acquire a fortune. Heathcoat's machines, the inevitable cause of unemployment and redundancy, were bound to make him unpopular, "a kind of image to be cursed when things went wrong", but his biographer emphasizes that the blame was undeserved by a man who wished to create something of beauty cheaply enough for all to enjoy. Though Heathcoat as a man remains somewhat obscure, the booklet gives a clear account of his achievement as a pioneer in industry.

WARD, EDWARD. *Number One Boy.* 272pp. Michael Joseph. £2 10s.

Spacious living in the old days in China and some grim experiences in the West as a war correspondent for the B.B.C., provide the author (now Lord Bangor) with much contrasting material for this first slice of his autobiography. The material is indeed better than the writing. But if interest flags here and there, some of the encounters do supply footnotes to history.

WHITINGTON, R. S. *The Quiet Australian.* 172pp. Heinemann. £2 5s.

In writing a biography of Lindsay Hassett, Mr. Whitington starts off with two advantages: he has played first-class cricket and he can write good English. He has chosen to shape Lindsay Hassett's life rather as Boswell went about the task of keeping Johnson alive for future generations: by anecdote, that is, by recording the conversation of his subject and of others in his circle and by drawing a detailed background of the times and their circumstances.

But *The Quiet Australian* sometimes moves away from Hassett himself towards larger issues. In commemorating, in the most generous language, those "Victory" Tests, as they were called, which followed the conclusion of hostilities in Europe, Mr. Whitington puts the case for cricket played as a game, rather than as a kind of substitute for war. Lindsay Hassett, in other words, never fitted, any more than Arthur Mailey would have done, into the grim pattern ordained by the man who was all-powerful in Australian cricket. Hassett had humour and he had a sense of proportion. He stood for certain values in the game he loved and Mr. Whitington has written something more than a life: he has composed an elegy.

Classics

WHITE, H. A. B. (Editor). *Punch's Companion to the Classics.* 68pp. Centaur Books. 7s. 6d.

For those who abandoned Latin after one term—cartoons; for those who survived a basic course—English articles in prose and verse; for the elect, real Latin with a pinch of Greek: such is the menu offered by "Punch-ius". In time this anthology ranges from 1844 to 1966; in authorship from the involuntary contributions of Smith Minor to the more sustained wit of A.P.H. and Basil Boothroyd. The drawings are the work of many skilled hands from George Morrow to Gerard Hoffnung, whose Centaur plies knife and fork on the repast tastefully laid on his own back. Clearly a bedside "must" for anyone who once knew the gender of *curculio* and *vespertilio*; while, if laid discreetly on the coffee-table, it may afford relief from, say, the cartoons of Raphael to those tempted to take pot-luck, or, as Smith Minor has it, *fortuna belli*.

Economics

MISHAN, E. J. *21 Popular Economic Fallacies.* 244pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. 35s.

Dr. Mishan has conceived a role for himself as a gadfly of people who hold popular opinions in economics. This book is an examination of a series of popular arguments about economics, ranging from views that rising taxation adds to inflation and that the National Debt is a burden, through to such questions as whether or not the country needs immigrant labour. It is necessary to emphasize that almost every argument that Dr. Mishan knocks down could be reformulated in such a way that it was in fact correct: in other words, while Dr. Mishan succeeds in destroying the case that he opposes, it is by no means clear that he is advancing arguments that cannot, in their own turn, be destroyed. Economics, like philosophy, is largely a negative discipline, concerned with pointing out logical fallacies in arguments which have been commonly received. It has hardly any argument (perhaps none, indeed) which stands in its own right as formally correct and universally acceptable.

Graphology

OLYANOVA, NADYA. *Handwriting Tells.* 371pp. Peter Owen. £2 15s.

This study contains some fairly obvious truths and a good deal of unsubstantiated assertion. It will not wholly convince anyone who has noticed what extreme dissimilarities of temperament and character can exist in people whose handwritings are almost indistinguishable. Suspension of disbelief will also be difficult for readers irked by vast vague generalizations about a variety of subjects, and by such pronouncements as: children who "continue to misspell, or leave out letters in words" may be suffering from "brain damage"; the author seems totally ignorant of the problems of crossed laterality. Considerable mistrust may well be felt about interpretations of the handwritings of the famous, since hindsight must inevitably play some part in them; hindsight, but in the instances given here, little feeling for historical background. It may perhaps be justifiable to assess the calligraphy of Nelson, Napoleon, Poe and William James in accordance with twentieth-century ideas, but when it comes to Thomas Aquinas, Machiavelli and Shakespeare some acquaintance with medieval and renaissance scripts is needed. History, however, is not the strong point of someone who can assert that until the 1860s criminals were "identified as madmen, and treated as such".

History

FURNEAUX, RUPERT. *The Great Treasure Hunts.* 236pp. Odhams. 25s.

X marks the spot. Pirate caches, sunken galleons and the like provide the bulk of the subject-matter, though the book runs from King John's regalia to some twentieth-century wrecks. Mr. Furneaux takes us from one buried treasure to another, detailing the history of each and the steps that have been taken to recover it. He brings out well the romantic lure that these hoards have had for adventurers: but some of the pages make giddy reading if you try to follow the clues.

POOLE, STANLEY B.-R. *Royal Mysteries and Pretenders.* 212pp. Blandford Press. 35s.

The fifteen stories Mr. Poole retells are linked only by the fact that they all concern unsolved royal crimes or claimants to royal birth. Most of these historical mysteries are well known and he makes no claim to add anything original to their solution. A former assistant editor of *Debrett*, he does not indulge in detection or theorizing but sets out the known facts and leaves the decision to the reader. The cautious avoidance of partisanship is apparent from the outset, where guilt for the murder of the princes in the Tower is definitely assigned neither to Richard III or Henry VII: "There is no firm evidence to connect either monarch with what happened." So in the case of the Casket Letters: "No more information is to hand in 1968-9 than there was in 1568-9." And so on to the more notorious pretenders at home and abroad, concluding with the only survivor of them, Anna Anderson, the *soi-disant* Anastasia Romanov, towards whose claims Mr. Poole remains equally non-committal. But if the reader must not look for new solutions to old riddles, he is given the conflicting evidence on which to come to what conclusions he may.

WOODCROFT, BENNET. *Alphabetical Index of Patentees of Inventions.* 662pp. Evelyn, Adams and Mackay. £4 4s.

Woodcroft's massive index of inventions, which appeared in 1854, is an impressive compilation, listing alphabetically in parallel columns the names of inventors, dates, and brief descriptions of their inventions from 1617 to the amendment of the Patent Law in 1852. To this new edition of the work is now added a preliminary account of Woodcroft himself and a seven-page appendix of additions and corrections to the original entries.

Language

GROZDIĆ, OTON. *Serbo-Croatian Grammar and Reader.* 133pp. Hafner. £2 10s.

A systematic but highly compressed grammar, more useful to a teacher than to the self-taught: a slight expansion, together with the correction of a few misprints, would help the latter. The exercises and examples are an excellent guide to idiom, but would be hard for anyone to follow who had only this guide to the grammar.

Literature

GREENE, ROBERT. *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.* 95pp. Edited by J. A. Lavin. Benn. 10s.

Mr. Lavin sees Greene's play as the first successful romantic comedy in English dramatic history, and also the first to employ a double-plot, as distinct from a comic sub-plot. At a time when the popular taste was for tragedy, and when Marlowe dominated the stage, Greene showed originality in breaking new ground and offering a play of a different kind. For this "New Mermaids" edition the editor bases his text on the first quarto of 1594, four copies of which are known. He includes rather more introductory matter than did Daniel Seltzer in his edition of 1963, paying special attention to the peculiar problems presented by the staging of the play.

Natural History

DARLINGTON, ARNOLD. *Warne's Natural History Atlas of Great Britain.* 112pp. Warne. 35s.

Arnold Darlington's text and Charles King's illustrations, many of which are in colour, combine to produce a useful guide to the main ecological habitats to be found in Britain: dunes, heaths, moorlands, chalk, limestone and clay. Accounts are given of the vertebrates, invertebrates and plant species most frequently associated with each type of environment with maps to show their approximate location. Written for the younger generation and amateur naturalists, this book also includes helpful notes on field study methods, together with suggestions for further reading.

EASTMAN, ROSEMARY. *The Kingfisher.* 159pp. Collins. 30s.

Though his peacock brilliance suggests the foreigner, the kingfisher is a true English resident who has survived persecution in the past (anglers, bird-stuffers and milliners) and river pollution today. This rare and attractive study reflects the dedication, perseverance and ingenuity of Rosemary Eastman and her husband, Ron, who set out to film kingfishers on the River Test, not only on the surface but also under the water. This difficult exercise was conducted at all seasons of the year and yielded a wonderful harvest of information about kingfishers, their courtship, food, nest-digging technique, territorial attitudes and relation with their families. It clearly also yielded a first-class film.

REYNOLDS, CHRISTOPHER. *The Pond on my Windowsill.* 196pp. André Deutsch. 21s.

Clear printing and numerous sketches enhance this account of the way to start an aquarium, how to collect plants and creatures for it and how to care for them. Simple experiments are suggested and advice is given on maintenance. A delightful book for young naturalists and for those who teach them.

VESEY-FITZGERALD, BRIAN. *The Vanishing Wild Life of Britain.* 159pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 36s.

"Wild life has always been vanishing from Britain", says the author in his preface. This is a typical, downright Vesey-FitzGerald remark, rather like "it may be that the partridge will survive in agricultural country only as a golf-course bird", and, of course, quite true. Our forefathers saw cranes, great bustards (not great buzzards as the jacket has it) and many more kites, but where are they now? With great skill the author has reconstructed the history of man's relationship to wild life through the centuries, pointing out how successive changes in land usage affected birds and beasts. For example, the hedges planted at the time of the Enclosures put a lot of valuable nesting sites on the market. England "must suddenly have become a land of song". The last chapter is full of cool and often unpalatable commonsense. Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald believes that pesticides are here to stay: that biological control should be much more thoroughly investigated: that the inland nature reserve is probably doomed and that, nature being indivisible, nature conservation must be part of a national policy which includes farming, industry, urban development and transport. This is a book of great importance which deserves wide circulation.

Numismatists

JOHNSON, R. F. *Coin Collecting.* 120pp. Lutterworth Press. £1.

Brigadier Johnson, in *Coin Collecting*, tells the story of the whole of British coinage, from the ancient Britons to the present day: a book of little more than a hundred pages gives scope for little more than a sketch, but it is remarkably well done. The author's very genuine enthusiasm imparts an air of freshness to what is now a familiar story, and makes *Coin Collecting* an eminently suitable book for the young beginner. It is most unfortunate that such a good text should be marred by poor illustrations: the details of many of the coins are invisible, in some cases they have been printed upside down, and the captions lack the accuracy of the text.

Philately

WILLIAMS, L. N. and M. *Techniques of Philately.* 134pp. Heinemann. 30s.

The sub-title on the jacket reads: "Stamp collecting beyond the elementary stage". That is a fair summary of this latest of many, many general handbooks on the hobby by these veteran philatelic writers who know better than most how to retell an oft-told tale. As they point out, philatelic fashions change and each change justifies a general handbook with an up-to-date approach such as this work exemplifies. One small criticism: with so much which can be illustrated it seems an extravagant use of space to fill four plates with one topic, that is the reprod[illegible] artists' work and the stamps of one issue

Railways

BODY, GEOFFREY (Ed.) *Enthusiasts' Hand[illegible]* Newton Abbot: [illegible] Charles. 25s.

British Railways ma[illegible] steam but large sectio[illegible] public have not. This [illegible] of the *Railway Ent[illegible] book* explains where [illegible] steam power in action, [illegible] see rescued locomotiv[illegible] them in museums, sor[illegible] preserved by indiv[illegible] groups), and railway [illegible] in addition to much [illegible] tion, generous space to [illegible] addresses of official [illegible] societies. Not the le[illegible] aspect of this publicatio[illegible] tisements which reflect [illegible] interest in steam [illegible] lengths some people [illegible] prevent not only the [illegible] the less glamorous good[illegible] from being sent to the [illegible]

Reference Books

PINE, L. G. *The Genealogist's Encyclopaedia.* 360pp. Ne[illegible] David and Charles. [illegible]

This is hardly an ency[illegible] rather a guide to gen[illegible] search, over-embellish[illegible] formation on relate[illegible] heraldry, titles and [illegible] chivalry, for example. [illegible] of this is of interest, it is [illegible] to a study of genealogy [illegible] that Imperial China "[illegible] estingly named order of [illegible] Dragon" does not assi[illegible] ing of an ancestor. The [illegible] author felt obliged to p[illegible] of his thirty years' st[illegible] book, which has resulted [illegible] ous writing. Never[illegible] strictly genealogical [illegible] value, particularly as de[illegible] of registers and records [illegible] of the world, together [illegible] dresses of societies which [illegible] normally difficult to ob[illegible]

Sports and Pastimes

BRAYNE, ELISABETH (Ed.) [illegible] *and Garden Wa[illegible]* 272pp. Condé-Nast P[illegible] £2 2s.

A new weekend book [illegible] into, rather than brow[illegible] perhaps too heavily on [illegible] list of contributors alive [illegible] includes John Betjem[illegible] Mackenzie, Robert G[illegible] Huxley, Yehudi Menu[illegible] everell Sitwell. Short [illegible] "Houses and Gardens" [illegible] by "Drinks". "T[illegible] "Recipes", sometime[illegible] swamped by a variety of [illegible] ings—are of an uppe[illegible] calculated to appeal to [illegible] *Garden* readers. An [illegible] the National Trust [illegible] years ago by Randolph [illegible] seems a strange choic[illegible] Hamilton's survey of [illegible] taste in interior deco[illegible] nineteenth-century upper-[illegible] tories to present-day [illegible] livened by blow-ups of [illegible] and the family dog, at [illegible] new ground.

WILLS, RICHARD (Editor). *The World of Angling.* 128pp. Th[illegible] Press. 18s.

The World of Angling [illegible] from the fishing book[illegible] nineteenth-century [illegible] as Hofland, with their [illegible] and steel engravings, [illegible] doubt more appropria[illegible] times with its scrap[illegible] nique, both in illustr[illegible] text, of darting from [illegible] fresh and from game to co[illegible] But in fact it should no[illegible] most old-fashioned read[illegible] an excellent book to dip [illegible] point; most informativ[illegible] would expect from its exp[illegible] butors); and its many [illegible] prove that the angler [illegible] fortunate in the beauty of [illegible] surroundings. The re[illegible] Record Fish List" is a [illegible] dix, together with a river[illegible] among other facts [illegible] licences in the various [illegible]

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